

# M O V I E CLASSIC

MRA  
CODE

*August*




SCREEN  
FASHIONS  
BEAUTY  
CHARM

DOLORES DEL RIO  
Photographed in  
Natural Colors

BING CROSBY  
AS A HUSBAND  
by DIXIE LEE

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S  
CODE of LIVING





I'll never let you down  
I'm your best friend  
I am your **Lucky Strike**

For a friendly smoke—it's the tobacco that counts. I am made of fragrant, expensive center leaves only; the finest, most expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown.

Copyright, 1935,  
The American Tobacco Company



*Try me  
I'll never  
let you  
down*





# STILL *her* ADORER

**LISTERINE halts halitosis (bad breath)**  
*Deodorizes Longer*

THE years are adding up . . . soon their children will be grown . . . yet he is still her adorer . . . she holds him as completely as when they were first married. More women should know her secret.

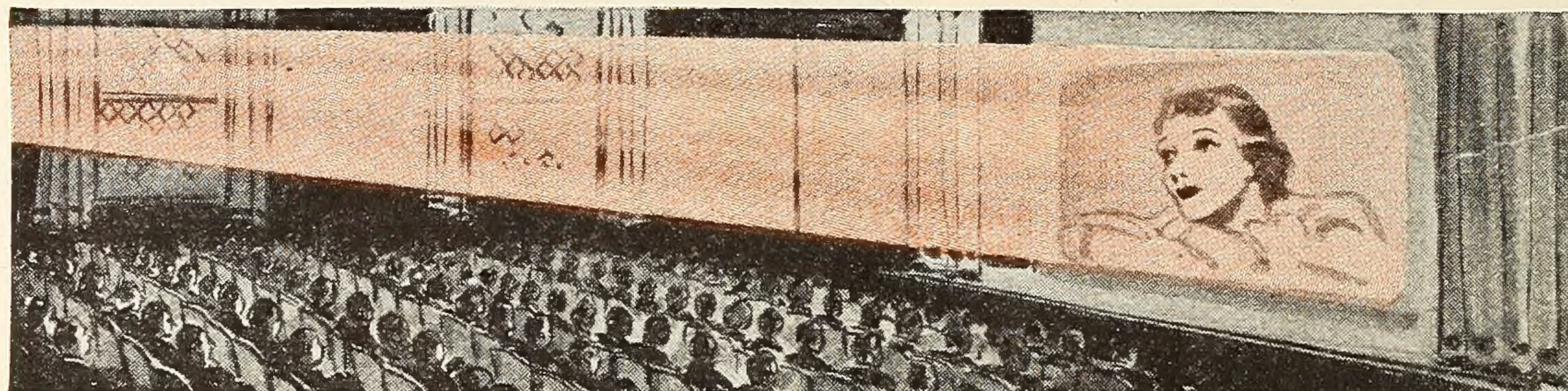
\* \* \* \*

How wise is the woman who realizes the importance of keeping the breath always sweet, wholesome and agreeable! After all, nothing mars a personal relationship like halitosis (bad breath) whether occasional or habitual. It is ridiculously easy to keep the breath inoffensive. Simply use Listerine, that's all—a little in the morning, a little at night, and between times before social engagements. Listerine instantly halts halitosis; deodorizes longer than ordinary non-antiseptic mouth washes. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.



# Discovered

IN A  
HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!



Together,  
A GREAT  
STAR and  
a NEW STAR

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.



William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name—Luise Rainer!



## WILLIAM POWELL<sup>in</sup> *Escapade*

with  
LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN  
VIRGINIA BRUCE

REGINALD OWEN  
MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production  
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman  
*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture*

Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart—and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!





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# MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF DOLORES DEL RIO BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

Marian Marsh  
hails August—  
month of vacations  
and new vistas

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



# Color— and You

**N**EARLY a hundred years ago, a French artist named Daguerre found a way to make a portrait more realistic than any portrait ever had been before.

And a woman of that day, looking at a daguerreotype of someone she cherished, was satisfied. She said, "It is so lifelike, so natural . . . it almost speaks."

She could not imagine photographs that would actually show all the movement of life, itself.

She could not imagine photographs that would actually have voices.

● YOU have such pictures, and you marvel at them, very conscious of what you have. "So lifelike, so natural," you say.

Then, one day, you go to see one of these pictures that move and talk, and you discover that they have not had all the reality that it is possible for them to have.

You discover that, like the woman of a century ago, you have been using your imagination to supply extra reality.

For now the pictures that moved and talked also have color—all the hues and tints of life, itself. Flesh now is flesh-color; lips are red; eyes are blue or brown or black or hazel; hair is blonde or brunette or titian. Clothes are as colorful as clothes really are. And Nature looks natural.

● WHETHER or not you like *Becky Sharp*, first full-length feature picture in "natural color" (and the chances are that you *will* like it), you cannot but wish success for it—because of what the development of color films will do for you.

Color films, planned by artists, will tell you what colors are most effective with your type . . . and give you new ideas about color combinations that you can safely attempt. "Lovely to Look At" cannot help but become your theme song, if you absorb what you see in color films.

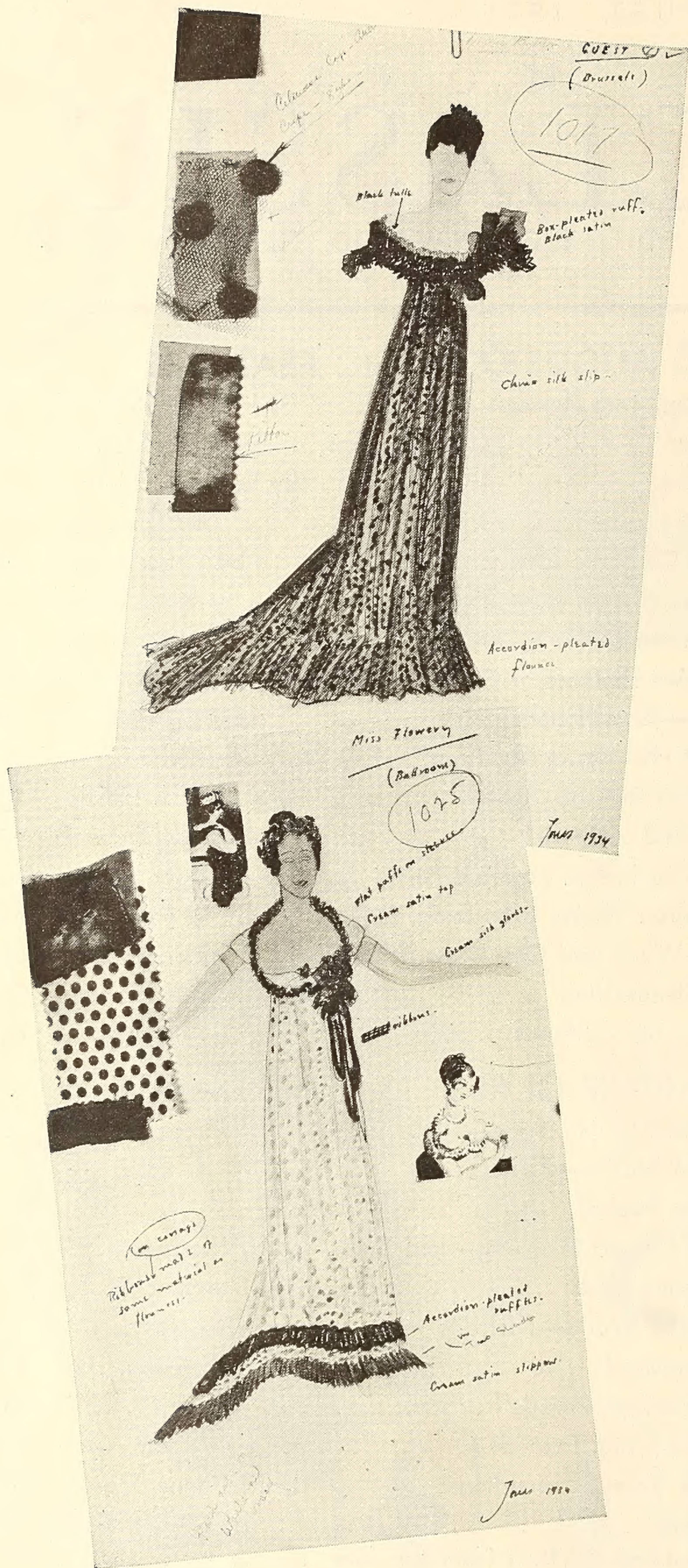
You will find film styles going even more practical than they are today—and you will be following them even more than you do today.

More than ever, you will take make-up hints from the movies—for normal make-up is worn before the color camera.

You will get new inspirations for home decoration, seeing the color harmony of carefully planned movie sets. As if you were there in person, you will see far, romantic places that you have longed to see.

And the development of color photography in Hollywood is making color films practical for your own use in home-movie camera or pocket portrait-camera. Every picture of yourself may soon be as colorful as you are!


James E. Reid



Robert Edmond Jones, noted stage designer, whom Miriam Hopkins calls "the Emperor Jones, King of Color," was chosen to work out the color possibilities of *Becky Sharp*. As long ago as last year, he began his planning, sketching costumes. Above are two reproductions of his sketches, with his notes, samples of material, and illustrations of period costumes.



# "Accent on Youth"



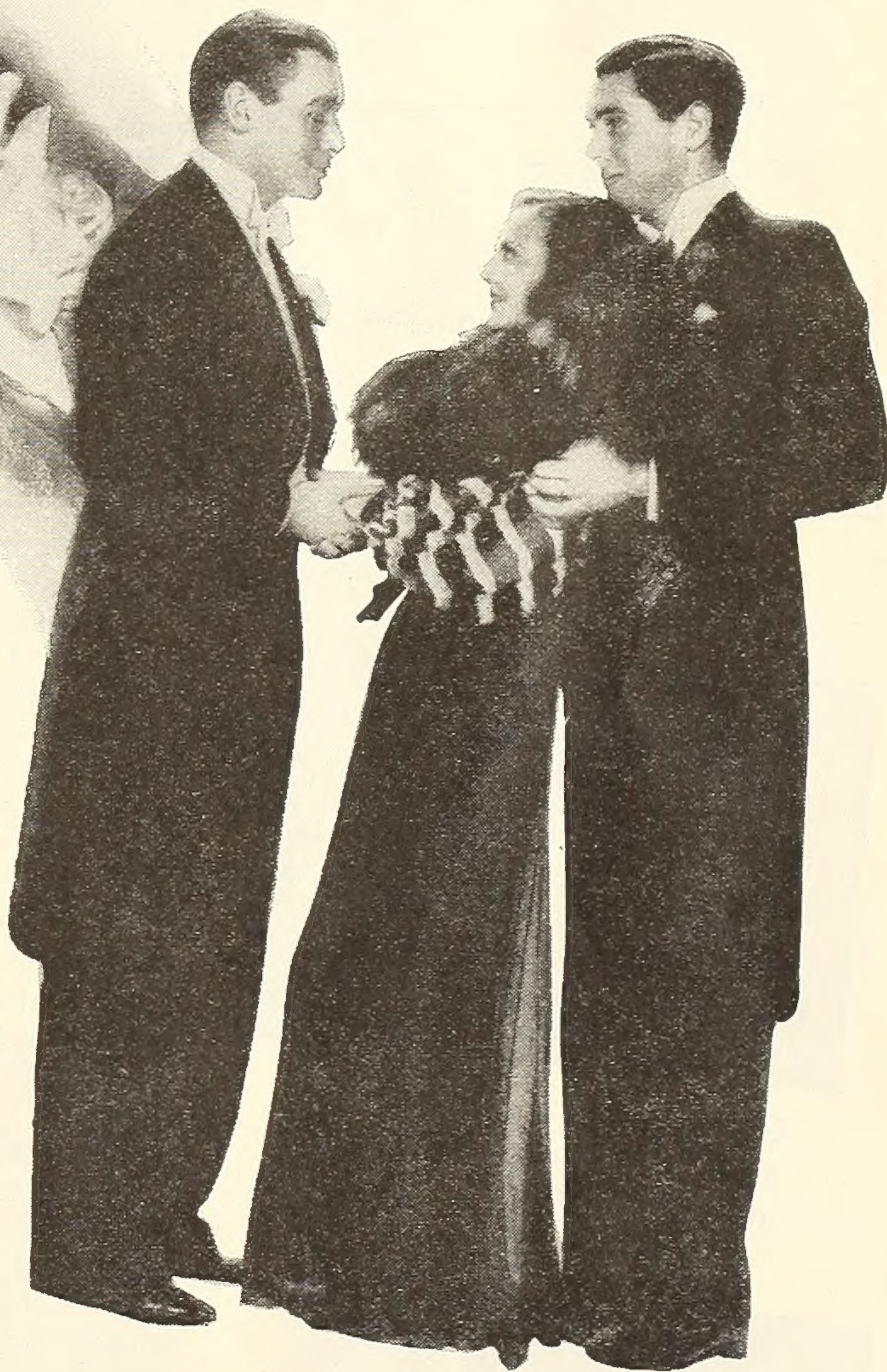
Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismatched; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.



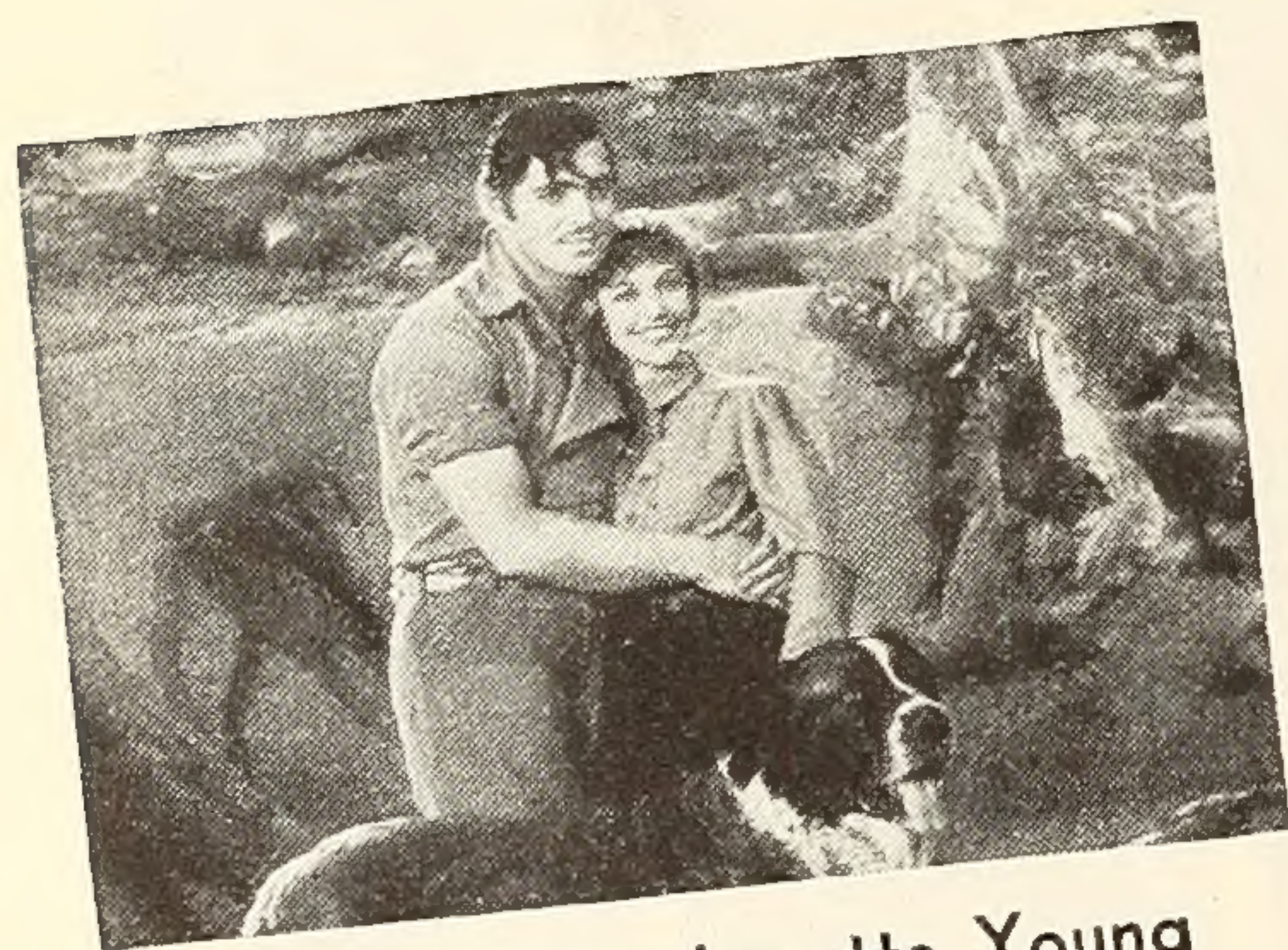




Elisabeth Bergner proves what charm is in *Escape Me Never*

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

- • • • Exceptional
- • • Excellent
- • Good
- Skip it



Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Buck, the dog, all star in *Call of the Wild*



Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer have an emotional time of it in *Break of Hearts*

# Speaking of Movies...

MOVIE CLASSIC reviews the new pictures from a feminine viewpoint

• • • • • **Escape Me Never** gives Elisabeth Bergner another chance to show, with the movement of a hand and the flicker of an eyelash, the incomparable artistry that belongs to genius. She is made of sunlight and moonlight . . . she changes the pace of her temperament with mercurial rapidity. Here is no sugary sweetness, no manufactured allure, no fascination built on a foundation of a glamorous wardrobe. Instead, Elisabeth Bergner is a plain creature wearing a shawl, or shorts, or ugly coat, and with her straight hair falling in her eyes. She is a grand lesson to all girls that charm is a vital spark within. As *Gemma Jones*, an unwed mother with rabid loyalty to her baby, she weds an erratic genius (handsome Hugh Sinclair), and sticks to him despite his faithlessness. Constantly, she gives plausibility to an otherwise weak story. In Europe Bergner is regarded as the greatest actress of them all, and since this will probably be almost her last picture (according to her) one should not miss it . . . if one appreciates real acting ability. (United Artists)

• • • • • **The Call of the Wild** has appeal, all right, what with your being able to picture rough, rugged Clark Gable waiting at the end of the trail for you—as he does here for Loretta Young. He is the fighting, man-powered Clark, in the sort of picture that makes him “tops” in feminine fancies. Loretta is very beautiful, particularly with the fur hood that frames her face so fascinatingly; Jack Oakie, who has grown out-size since last seen, is most amusing; and Buck, the dog hero, is marvelous. What a canine he is! No little house pet, but a great, big, confidence-inspiring outdoors dog. The story is of the gold rush, in which Clark and Oakie find Loretta left on the trail, believing her husband has been killed. Together they locate a fabulous lode, and are extremely happy together, when the husband reappears. The ending is sad, but you don't believe the future will leave it that way. The world is

waiting for the rise of more pictures like this one for Clark. Jack London's daughter said she was sure that Gable was the actor her author-father would have chosen to play this part . . . and we think so, too! (20th Century)

• • • • • **Break of Hearts** presents the lean, longing Miss Hepburn, but where has fled her vividness? She is handicapped by the story. As a struggling young musician she falls violently in love with Charles Boyer, destined to become a great conductor. They are married, honeymoon in Europe, and end up in Reno when Boyer wanders from the fold. But Katharine, who has taken it pretty bitterly, herself, runs to his rescue when he becomes a drunkard, and aids him back to the heights. How do you like it? . . . Katie has a new haircut that you'll admire. The hair goes smoothly back from the face to about the ears, and then zips out in curls all over the back of her head. The clothes are pretty neat tricks, too, including one gold affair, and an interesting evening gown that has fans of pleated net coming up from the bodice, almost to the chin-line. Boyer, the new French heart-throber, is likable in this picture, but certainly not the feminine menace he was in *Private Worlds*. Oh, you'll enjoy it all, if you're a Hepburn follower, but you'll wish they had given Katie a stronger, more fascinating story. (RKO-Radio)

• • • • • **Paris in Spring** is as light as a ballet dancer's veil, as gay as a champagne supper, and as subtle as a sophisticate should be. It's musical and a bit mad; different and delightful—if you can appreciate humor that is as far from slapstick as the stratosphere is. The two stars are Mary Ellis, whose sense of comedy is every bit as excellent as her voice, and Tullio Carminati, whose suavity and poise add something new to Latin love-making. She is a night-club singer; he is her lover, who rushes to the top of the Eiffel Tower, intent on suicide, [Continued on page 10]



# An Intimate Subject.... but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex

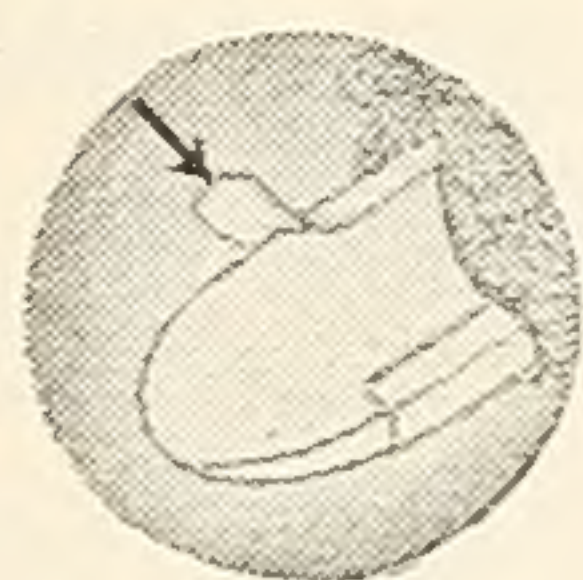
**CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW**



## "CAN'T CHAFE"

*Means much on active days*

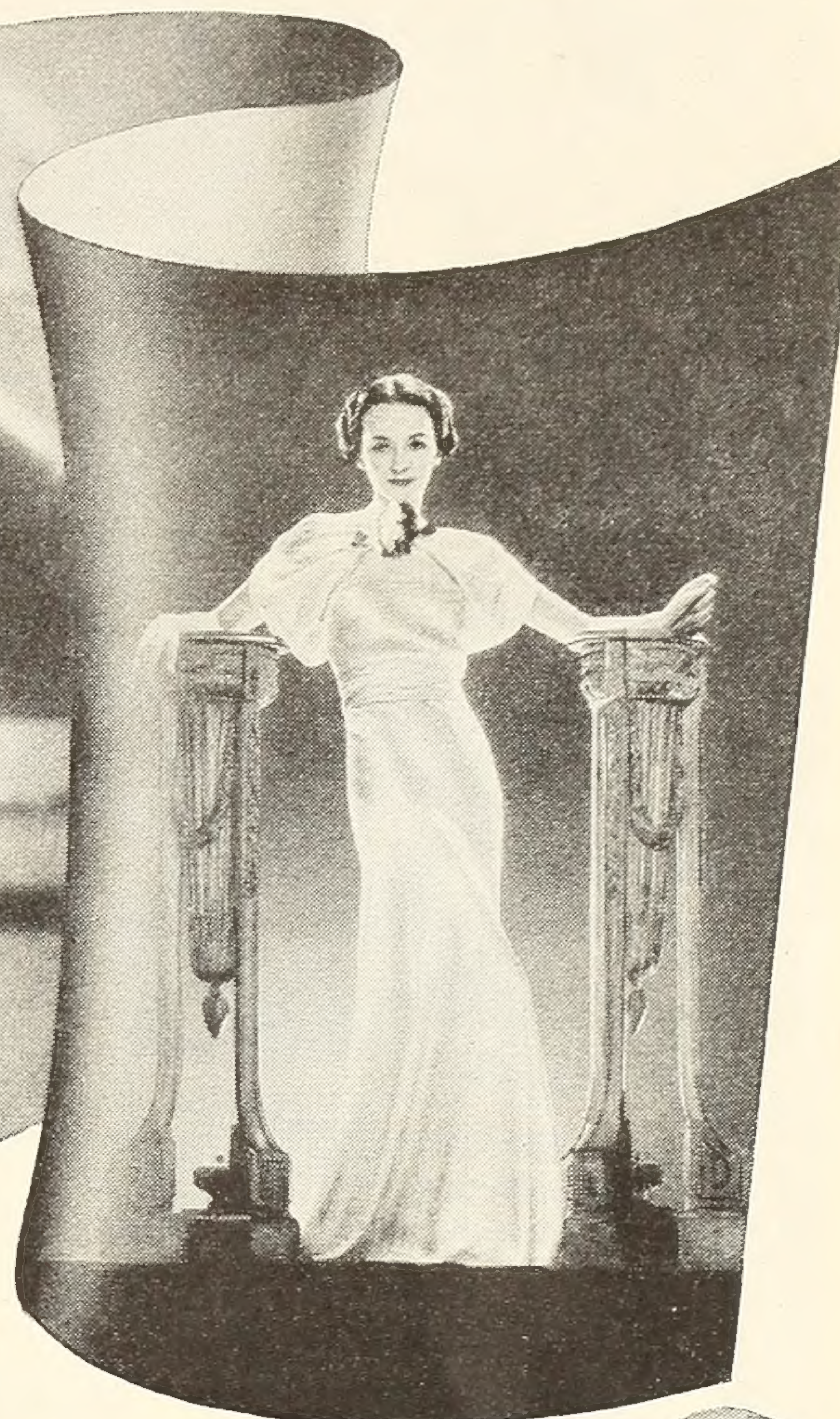
To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



## "CAN'T FAIL"

*Is important, too*

Security means much to every woman at all times... and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



## "CAN'T SHOW"

*Gives evening peace-of-mind*

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



IT'S only natural that women should be vitally concerned about this intimate subject. And I've discovered this: once women understand the 3 exclusive advantages that only Kotex offers, most of them will not be satisfied with any other sanitary napkin!

By reading the facts presented here, you can learn what I believe every woman has a right to know. You need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain. Here's a modern sanitary napkin—Kotex—that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem.

Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts that you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself.

With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.



*Mary Pauline Callender*

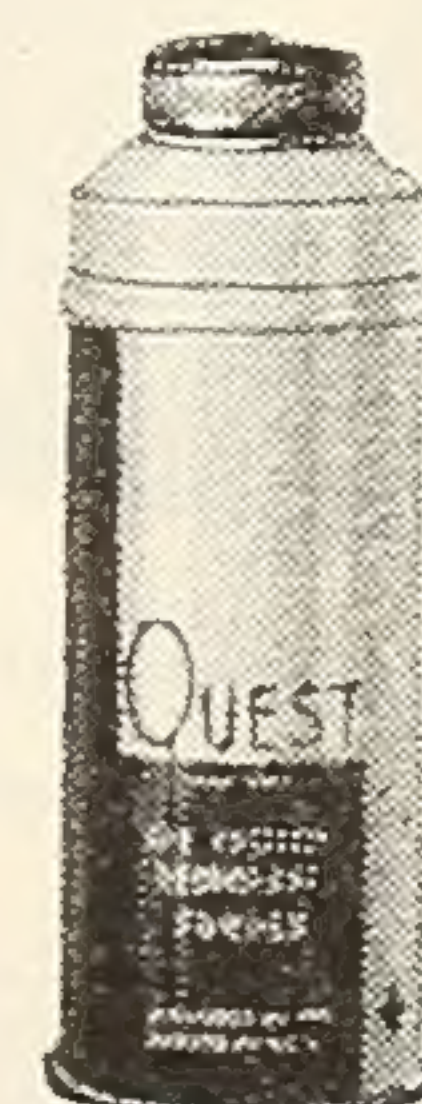
*Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"*

## WONDERSOFT KOTEX

BUY THE NEW KOTEX SANITARY BELT. Narrow and adjustable. Requires no pins.

## QUEST

the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness



A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex... and for your every need! Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex... only 35c for the large 2-ounce can.



# Speaking of Movies . . .

[Continued from page 8]



Mary Ellis and Tullio Carminati (without dress suit!) make Paris in Spring gay



Bette Davis is pert and personable, but none too happy as *The Girl from Tenth Avenue*



Warner Baxter goes gaucho—and Soledad Jimenez adds to the fun in *Under the Pampas Moon*



Jean Arthur, Chester Morris and Lionel Barrymore all are reasons for seeing *Public Hero No. 1*

when she rejects his proposal of marriage. There he encounters cute Ida Lupino, also suicide-minded, because of a broken affair with young James Blakely. To make the others jealous, Tullio and Ida take up together; but to make matters worse, Mary and James discover each other—and Ida's grandmother, hard of hearing, gets it into her head that everybody is married. (Jessie Ralph is priceless in this rôle, as is Akim Tamiroff in his few, but voluble scenes.) However, the picture belongs to the stars—particularly to Miss Ellis, gorgeously gowned, alertly amusing, and in grand voice. (Paramount)

● ● ● **The Girl from Tenth Avenue** doesn't sound glamorous, but it reveals Bette Davis in some smart clothes and her hairdress is very becoming. While this isn't one of the best things she has done, it is amusing and well-acted, though none of the characters actually excites your sympathy. As the girl from Tenth Avenue, which in New York is like living on "the wrong side of the railroad track" anywhere else, she marries a man who has been jilted and who is far above her socially. She studies, she becomes a greater lady than he is a gentleman, and finally all is well between them. You'll like the taffeta dress that rustles and rustles, and makes Bette look like an old-fashioned doll. There's another washable striped dress, with a white coat and white hat, that's most becoming. The man in her life in this picture is Ian Hunter—who is new, English, and likable. (Warners)

● ● ● **Under the Pampas Moon** is romance in a midsummer mood—light, airy, amusing. It finds Warner Baxter a gay gaucho again. And when Warner goes gaucho, with a lush Latin accent and a smile full of teeth, he is irresistible—not to say irresistible. A South American cowboy, he promptly forgets the pampas girls—chic little Armida, among them—when his eye lights on a French songbird, played by Ketti Gallian. She steals his heart while John Miljan is stealing his horse—and to get both of them gack he goes off to the big city (Buenos Aires). He takes his impulsive peasant mother (Soledad Jimenez) with him, and the efforts of the two of them to acquire that urban manner are the most amusing thing about the picture. The pretty Miss Gallian has slight chance to do anything eye-catching in her slight rôle—but you suspect

that she has possibilities. Warner sings a gaucho song, Ketti sings a solo, and Veloz and Yolanda, of ball-room fame, do a tango that will have you crying for more. (Fox)

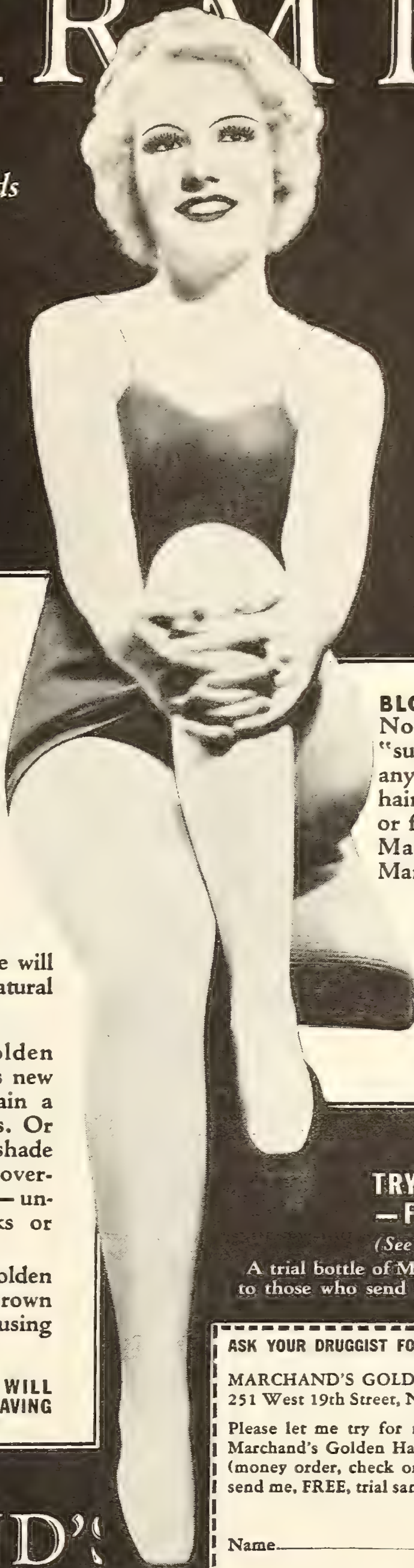
● ● ● ● **Public Hero No. 1** is M-G-M's contribution to the current cycle of sagas about government agents—and it's one of the most exciting and amusing films you'll see this summer. It's in the same mood as *The Thin Man*, if you know what we mean. The picture details how the notorious "Purple Gang" was broken up and made a pale mauve. And, like the picture, the cast is full of surprises that you will be talking about. Chester Morris proves that with a real rôle he can be any girl's idea of a he-man hero. Joseph Calleia, brand-new to films, looks like the next "romantic menace"—giving an illusion of restrained power. Lionel Barrymore, as a drunken doctor whose patients are gangsters, is elegantly, amusingly real. And Jean Arthur—who scored a minor triumph in *The Whole Town's Talking*—scores a major one as the heroine of this piece. She has pert charm and a sense of humor to go along with it. "Intriguing!" men will call her. "Worth watching!" women will add—to themselves. (M-G-M.)

● ● ● **In Caliente** emphasizes what a gorgeous woman Dolores Del Rio is, and how utterly smart all of her clothes are. White is her color, and this wardrobe is mostly as pure as the lily in tone, besides illustrating why Designer Orry-Kelly thinks the Grecian line is the most flattering of all to a woman's figure. There's an enticing hostess gown of white satin and net that should make masculine hearts go flippity-flop. And the way Del Rio whiffs her perfume around on curtains and cushions, and herself, would meet with all feminine approval . . . if every one could afford such delicious luxury . . . Edward Everett Horton, as a wealthy publisher, tires of the peccadilloes of the editor of his smart New York magazine, Pat O'Brien, and whisks him off to Mexico, with Glenda Farrell, gold-digger de luxe, in hot pursuit. Glenda is her usual delightful self, aware of all the right answers. (She's a honey, anyway, don't you think?) At Caliente, Del Rio dances into view, and that is the end of our hero's heart. There are some amusing mix-ups, some elaborate dance productions, and a highly funny ending. It's all very light, but puts everybody in a good mood. (Warners.)



# CHARMING

*Sunny Golden Hair!*  
*Compliments from my friends*



Lustrous golden hair softens and flatters your head and face — gives that fresh, bright clean look so admired by friends. Whether blonde or brunette, use your hair to bring out all the natural beauty and charm you possess. Rinsing with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will make your hair the most important, most fascinating part of your attractiveness.

**BLONDES** — is your hair darkened, faded or streaked? Marchand's Golden Hair Wash used as a rinse will restore its former lightness and natural sunny golden hues.

**BRUNETTES** — let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash give *your* hair glorious new life. Rinse your dull hair and gain a sparkling sheen of tiny highlights. Or lighten it to any natural blonde shade desired. (You can do this almost overnight if you wish. Or gradually — unnoticed — over a period of weeks or months.)

Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package at any drugstore. Start using it today.

**MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING**

## **BLONDES and BRUNETTES**

No longer any need to risk "superfluous" hair removal of any sort. Blend "superfluous" hair (whether on your legs, arms or face) with *your* skin coloring. Make it unnoticeable with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Only with Marchand's can you retain as Nature intends, the attractive softening effect of scarcely noticeable hair. Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash today.

## **TRY A BOTTLE — FREE!**

*(See coupon below)*

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo — **FREE** — to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,  
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents in stamps (money order, check or coins accepted) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, **FREE**, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ M.P. 835

## MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



# They're the



Joan Crawford, of *No More Ladies* fame, has scored another fashion "scoop" . . .

● JOAN CRAWFORD has done it again—scored another fashion scoop that has set the town a-twitter. *For each of her suits, Joan now has a backless taffeta slip with a false front!* But wait until you hear the details. . . . The slips are made with a pleated ruffle around the bottom that matches the ruffle at the neck so that every time she takes a step you hear the thrilling "swish-swish" that only taffeta can make. You see, the real idea is to eliminate the bother of a shirtwaist—especially on warm days. The front of the slip is fashioned to take the place of it—and the amusing part is that you can wear the slip as a backless summer frock, if you add one of these clever new suède belts to it. . . .

● FOUND! A *classic* health drink that is not only tasty, but tantalizing. And do you know who told us about it? Mae West, no less! Before she went away on that cruise vacation, Mae gave us one of those slide-away glances of hers and said, "You want something to take away that tired feeling, to make you want to 'go to town' because you feel so frisky? Then get yourself *one pound of prunes. Wash them, put them in a large bowl and add a grapefruit that has been quartered, rind and all. Over this, pour one quart of cold distilled water. Then just set it away in the icebox for twenty-four hours and*

*afterward draw off a glassful to drink each morning.*" It does wonders for the system and for clearing the skin, so Mae says—and Mae always looks "tops."

● AND speaking of looking "tops"—Clara Bow has never, and we mean *never*, looked so beautiful as she has since she has let her hair go back to its natural dark shade. Now that half of Hollywood—including Claudette Colbert—has gone red-headed, the girl who first set it afire has quietly gone brunette-ish again. She is down to picture weight and we know at least three producers who are ready to have her sign on the dotted line.

● "WILD Hollywood?" It makes us think of the strawberry festivals back



Mae West has a recipe for a health drink that inspires that "go to town" mood . . .

in Plain River to see Clara—ex-Flapper queen, and It Girl—and her cowboy actor hubby, Rex Bell, and the Bell heir riding along the countryside with the Bing Crosbys and *their* heirs. They do it in the Crosby station wagon with Bing at the wheel and Rex crooning (it sounds twisted, but that's correct). The two mamas just manage the children and look as pleased as Punch. Clara always dresses her baby in the

same colors she is wearing. The last time we saw them, they were both in pink poke bonnets and pink dresses, and what a picture *that* was! Dixie Lee Crosby "tags" her twins by putting one in pink and white and the other in blue and white. . . .

● ALAS, for romance! Janet Gaynor was on the verge of asking Henry Fonda to one of the parties her little crowd gives, when a columnist spouted out that they were in love! Bang! Down went the Gaynor reserve curtain. And to make matters worse, Henry was assured he would "fall" for Janet as soon as he started working with her in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. Consequence: Two very nice young people being *very* careful to avoid each other between scenes. But since the completion of the picture, they have met at a dinner party—and spent the whole evening together. Maybe romance gets an inning, after all.

● INCIDENTALLY, dinner parties are getting more and more romantic in setting. It's the thing now to give them in "foreign versions." Norman Foster, for instance, recently had a "Chinese chow" gathering in honor of "the Rimplegards." That is his name for the Young clan because he says they are as gay, devoted and irrepressible a family as the *Rimplegards* of *Three-Cornered Moon* fame. Polly Ann and sister Sally Blane did pretty well with the Chinese soup spoons, but Loretta practically carved a new career for herself with the chopsticks. Two little Chinese boys in native costumes served the food and all the decorations were Oriental. The only American note was a ring of ice cream with "To the Rimplegards" inscribed on top.

● ELISSA LANDI crashed through with a SCRUMPTUOUS Italian supper for brother Anthony and his wife. If you can believe it, the centerpiece for the table was a replica of a Venice canal! A mirror plateau did for the canal part of it and tiny Italian houses rose up on either side. Two gondolas floated gracefully in manufactured moonlight. We can give the menu served, but don't ask us what it means! We know only that it tasted *dee-vinc*. . . . There was antipasto, minestrone, ravioli, piselli, polenta and, to finish it off, cioccolato Italiano and caffè. The nicest compliment possible to Elissa's artistry was paid by Tullio Carminati—who is Count di Bambrilla in Italy—when he told her that for the first time in four years he felt at home!



# Topics!

New notes on personalities who are always good news!

● BUT it takes the Countess di Frasso to glorify the lowly bean. Here she is—the most cosmopolitan person in Hollywood, socialite, and owner of a palace in Rome—serving good old Boston baked beans and angel cake at every big formal dinner she gives! The butler and footmen carry them around as if they were Olympian nectar and even the most fastidiously gowned women do justice to them as such! Dolores Del Rio, for example, in a maharani costume of striped chiffon; and Loretta Young in a silk tulle of a glorious fuchsia shade with a very full skirt and a tulle cape she keeps on right through the evening. But in Loretta's case it can be understood. . . . Her favorite food is baked beans. . . .

● NOTED ALONG THE BOULEVARD—Gail Patrick's *crocheted* shoes. You crochet them very tightly, then have them soled and varnished, and the result is ultra-smart! . . . Conchita Montenegro playing tennis in stitched taffeta shorts and halter of her own design. . . . For the latest thing in cocktail dresses, page Joan Blondell. She has an adjustable collar-and-cuff set of rhinestones that "dress up" a frock in a jiffy and look particularly well with those new tunic gowns. . . . The "Little Colonel" evening gowns are the rage of the moment. They carry you right back to the 1870's with their off-the-shoulder necklines and ruffled skirt-trains. Ginger Rogers has one in a

does Fay know how to use it! Every man was clamoring for her attention at the party Dolores Del Rio gave for her. The marriage statistics ought to perk up, now that the feminine world is becoming so conscious again of what eyes over fans can do.



Clara Bow Bell is brunette again. She and Rex Larbow Bell wear the same colors . . .

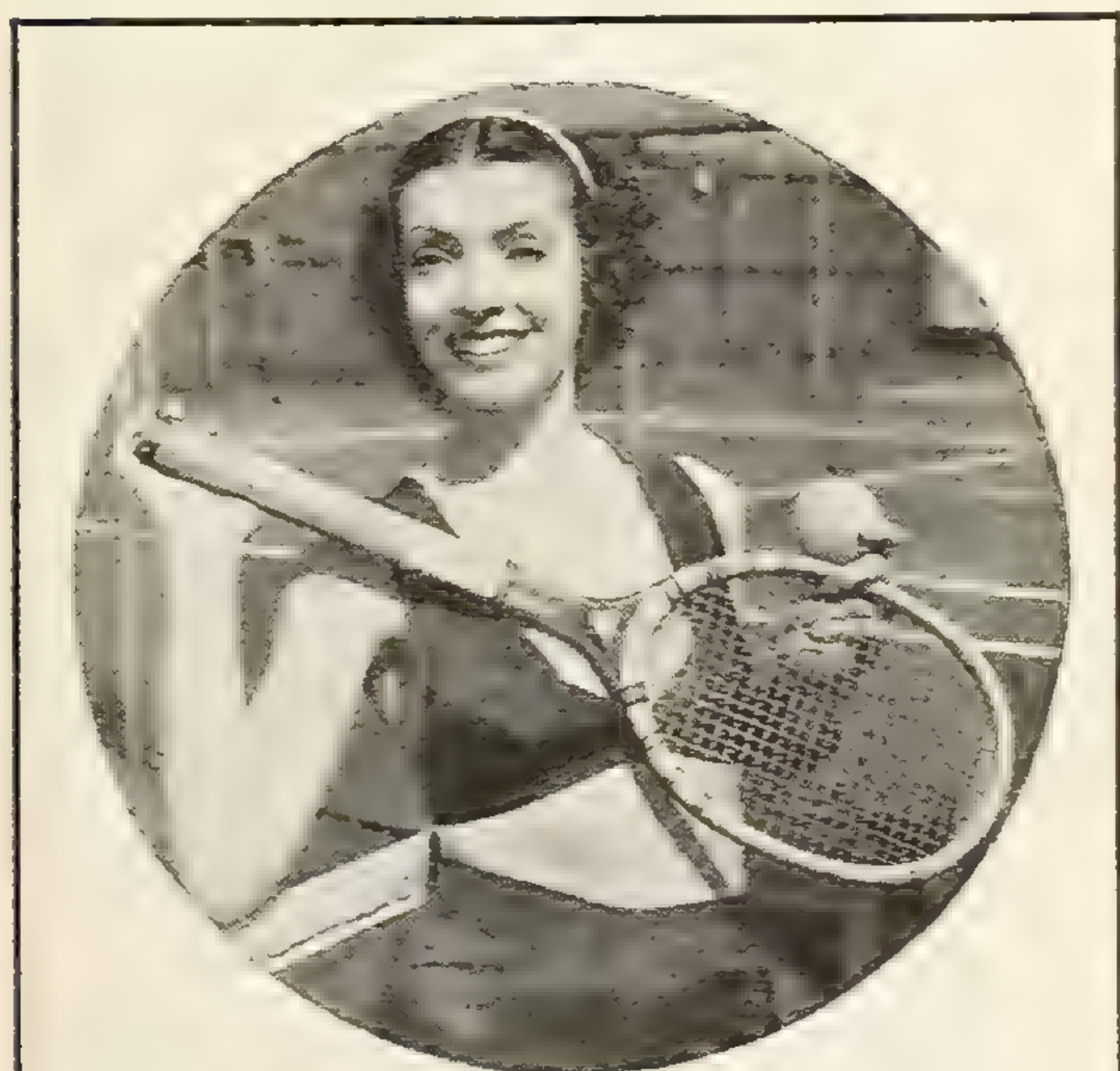
● FANS, feathered and fancy, are going to be one of the big fashion vogues this fall, says Adrian, the designer. And from his sumptuous modernistic office out at M-G-M, he gives a further preview of what the autumn will bring: GORED SKIRTS, twelve to fourteen inches from the floor. Fullness concentrated in FRONT of the SKIRTS. FUR TRIMMING with the accent on the collars. BIG sleeves, with the batwing version very popular in afternoon dresses. A NEW LEASE OF LIFE for CAMEL'S HAIR SPORTS COATS. They will be straight and have small, military collars.

● NO wonder the Princess Katherine of Greece thought Hollywood was "beautifully child-minded" at parties. She expected a sophistication more intent than that of Continental Europe—and everywhere she went of an evening they played games. The most popular at the moment is SALVOS. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien became so intent over it the other night in Pat's den that they broke a valuable vase.

SALVOS is warfare on paper. You draw horizontal and vertical lines on a sheet of paper so that you have one hundred squares, ten each way. Devote four squares to battleships, three to cruisers and two squares to destroyers.

Arrange the secret positions of your boats in the squares, then your opponent starts off the game by calling any number from one to a hundred. It's a "direct hit" if he calls the number that one of your boats is occupying. Numbers are called alternately and each player may move his ships around during the "battle," a square at a time, to fool his opponent—putting them in squares already called and so on. But they must not move while the number is being called. The one whose "fleet" stays up the longest wins.

● HOLLYWOOD is all excited over the news that Noel Coward—author of *Camelot* and *Design for Living*, and hero of *The Scoundrel* (which was made in the East)—has signed a Hollywood starring contract. And they say he has asked for Julie Haydon as his leading lady—and who could blame him? . . . Other new screen faces the movie town is excited about belong to the Countess Liiv de Maigret, from Paris; Frank Shields, the former tennis champion; and Gladys Swarthout, from opera and radio.



Conchita Montenegro designs her clothes herself. E.g., this halter-and-shorts set . . .

flowered dimity that is as quaint as a daguerreotype, and she wears hand-crocheted semi-formal gauntlets in black. . . . Fay Wray brought a glass fan back with her from London. The glass is polka-dotted and it has a gold handle with a cord to loop over the wrist. And



Are you Julie Haydon-conscious since *The Scoundrel*? She has talent and a future . . .



B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by  
Jane  
Heath

## SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

PROBABLY your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! *You can't trust nature unadorned!* Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinted up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only \$1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.



Sum Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHADETTE (\$1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes!



and Shadow

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of looking natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASHTINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. \$1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. F-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, 3.

# HOLLYWOOD'S Heart Problems —and Yours

How to hold romance after twenty-one? Every girl faces the problem. And this is Jeanette MacDonald's own solution!

As told to MARGARET DIXE

**Editor's Note:** *For every emotional problem in your own life, there is a counterpart in Hollywood life. And Margaret Dixe, in this frank series of articles, is telling you about some of the problems that the famous have faced—and solved.*

*What question would you, personally, like one of her articles to answer? She invites you to write to her—to tell her.*

*Meanwhile, don't miss the answer that Jeanette MacDonald, of the glorious singing voice, has found to the question: "How can a girl hold romance after twenty-one?" That answer follows below:*

**W**HEN cynics call romance "a gesture of the teens," it makes my blood boil. Romance—the genuine, lasting kind of romance—only begins at twenty-one. Before then, the little flurries you have with it are like a fascinating overture leading to the real theme.

You are simply introduced to romance in the teens. But you live it in the twenties and it depends on how you handle it then whether or not you will be able to keep it as long as you live. And what girl wants to lose it—ever?

*I think the most dangerous moment in a woman's life is when she forgets to be softly feminine.* Because at that moment she is losing her hold on romance.

I know a young person of twenty-six who is facing that disaster right now. She is clever in everything—except in being a womanly woman! Her features are sharpening. So is her voice. She has been in business for eight years and she is letting it make her brittle. It's a wise woman who has the "six o'clock habit" of putting away her tailored office frock

for flimsy chiffon! She is still wiser, if she retains a certain mystery about herself.

And no woman can have that "certain mystery" unless she also has a certain amount of reserve. It's true that you must let a man *think* he is in on your inner secrets—but he mustn't be.

You see, romance is a game—the greatest in the world. And if a woman plays it skilfully, she and the man she marries will never be parting.



Robert Ritchie and Jeanette MacDonald  
than five years—and Jeanette tells why



• I NEVER have approved of the technique whereby a girl makes a man believe she is completely mad about him. Man, remember, is instinctively a hunter, impelled by the thrill of the chase. You must not be too easy to catch. I have let boys think I had dates when I had none, just so they would not consider me too accessible. And it never did any harm.

Of course, it's all right to be wholesomely praising. We can do a lot of thriving on very little praise, ourselves—and so can men! Be as affable as you like. But don't reveal your emotions too quickly. Exercise some will power in not showing your feelings at the very beginning—for every male born is intrigued by something that baffles, while interesting him.

In Paris I once saw one of those minor tragedies—a beautiful woman who had never bothered to learn the most important rule in this game of romance. As a clever French statesman summed it up, "*She breaks down all her glamor by talking too much!*"

I have known wives who do that, too, with deadly consistency. They literally chatter away a man's love. By the time they have been married three months, their husbands know every thought they have ever had—or probably ever will have! Exit, romance. . . .

But when a man is convinced that you are the best companion in the world, when you make a point of being sincerely interested in the things *he* likes, there is small chance of losing him. And *he* will respond to *your* interests.



Wide World

have been "happily engaged" for more she is "in favor of long engagements"



Says Jeanette MacDonald: "The genuine, lasting kind of romance only begins at twenty-one"

I remember what a gypsy told a friend of mine who was a bride: "Never let things be different from the days when the spell was new. Dress as carefully for *him* as for your most important guest. Never remind a man of anything more than once. If he forgets—shrug your shoulders, but do not repeat your reminder. Concentrate on what you like in him, not on the ashes he spills on the floor!"

A girl doesn't need to believe in fortune-tellers to see how right the old gypsy was. She knew human nature. I might add that this girl took her advice to heart with the result that her husband just about worships her.

• NATURALLY, men like it when you enter into their favorite sports with them. I admit, however, that there *are* certain drawbacks. In my own case, for instance, I tried to take up golf because my manager and fiancé, Robert Ritchie, happens to be a little golf-mad. Within two weeks I dropped it. Why? Because he was discovering my temper for the first time. Instead of learning how to hit the ball, I was learning how to swear—much to his amusement. And I couldn't let him think he was getting a virago for a wife! So now we ride

horseback and swim together and I let it go at that.

It's a fact that we have been engaged a long time, Mr. Ritchie and I. But I am in favor of long engagements in spite of all the arguments used against them. They give time for a complete understanding and prevent many a disaster. If I had eloped with the first boy I was engaged to, as he wished, I can see now what heartbreak we would have had. It couldn't have worked out. Young marriages so seldom do. . . .

OH, I went through what a hundred thousand other girls go through every day—wondering what "life" is really like, wondering if they are going to lose love if they don't see the "broadminded way of living." All I can say is that I am more thankful than for anything else in my life that I *didn't* see it! When a girl lets romance become only an issue of sex, it never amounts to anything else, no matter how it is camouflaged. Let the boy go with "the other girl" if he is so inclined. If he feels the right thing for you, he will be back. If he doesn't—well, you are the gainer.

At eighteen I doubt if anyone knows about love. Even at twenty-one, it [Continued on page 71]



# New Shopping

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Shopping Scouts have been keeping their eyes open again this month . . . looking for new gadgets, clever novelties, useful conveniences to make life more zestful. They tell you about a score of them. More next month!

\*\*\*\*Hats à la stars! How would you like a hat like Ginger Rogers' in *Star of Midnight*, or Mae West's in *Goin' to Town*, or Marlene Dietrich's in *The Devil is a Woman*, or Nancy Carroll's in *I'll Love You Always*? Easy enough, thanks to the Picture Star Fashions, presenting duplicates for about \$4. Pretty nice to be able to pluck the stars' headgears right off their heads and onto ours for that low price! Mighty becoming, too!

\*\*\*\*What! No more wrinkles in our favorite dresses? Kleinert's have practically brought the millennium—with their new "Softex" seamless sanitary apron, as delicate as sheer chiffon hose. Maybe you have thought sanitary aprons were good ideas, but didn't like the heavy, rubbery-smelling ones you have been offered in the past. Well, this is different . . . for it is rubberized *silk* and weighs less than an ounce. It may be washed and ironed without fear of cracking or peeling. Put one on under your tightest dress, and it won't show a mite, while keeping the back of your dress as smooth-looking and wrinkleless as your own skin! \$1 only!

\*\*\*\*Ever heard of a "Picnitable?" Let us introduce you then to one of the cleverest tricks of the season . . . a combination suitcase and picnic table. Pack your lunch in it, and it's a good-looking carrying bag. Arrive at your favorite spot, let down the folding legs and presto! you have a handy picnic or card table, 22x18. Set-in hinges insure a level top, and all through the summer this "Picnitable" will help you enjoy your picnics. \$1 only at department stores—or from the Barnett Bank Co., New Brunswick, N.J.

\*\*\*\*It can be done! With this new 2-in-1 Empire Shower-and-Shampoo Spray, you can take a shower without wetting your hair! Here's a gadget that will fit any bathtub or basin faucet, and you can change its location, for it is portable, and eliminates the necessity for shower curtains. What an invention! The Empire Hair Spray is made of rubber with a rust-proof, needle-point spray that stimulates the scalp

## Finds!

while washing the hair. Be smart, and send \$1.59 to the Empire Merchandising Corp., 414 Broadway, New York, or get it C. O. D. if you wish. We don't care, just so long as you enjoy its conveniences!

\*\*\*\*Do you have a nephew or a niece who is expecting a gift from you? Then here's a hint: There is a new Mickey Mouse pen that is not a toy, but a regular Ink-D-Cator fountain pen, with the feature of a slit of a window that indicates how much ink is left! Believe it or not, it sells for \$1.

\*\*\*\*How about a game of tennis? Or a sail? Or beach fun? You can take your choice if you're wearing Kayser's cotton knits that are cool and comfortable, pack like a hanky and don't crush easily. The sweaters are short-sleeved, green or blue with white, rose, cream, \$1.25. The slacks are chocolate, navy, cream, \$1.65. Sizes 14, 16, 18. Ask for "Kayser Knitted Hits."

\*\*\*\*Haven't you always wished there was such a thing as an oven that didn't heat a kitchen in the summer? There is one—called the Kwik-Bake Oven—which is light, portable, plugs into any light socket and starts baking instantly, with no pre-heating necessary. It uses no more current than your electric iron, is simply perfect for camps, apartments, or summer cottages, and ideal for baking delicious pies, biscuits, meat loaf, cakes, baked potatoes . . . stop . . . we're hungry! It's 13 inches wide, 11¼ inches high, 10¾ inches deep, and weighs only 7½ pounds, and carries a money-back guarantee. It's made by the world-famous Griswold Cooking Utensil Co., Erie, Pa. Free recipe booklet, too. Cost, only \$5.95!

\*\*\*\*What happens when "Scandals" go feminine? They become fascinating "Scandalettes!" A while ago that minimum of undergarments for men called "Scandals" stirred up things quite a bit, but really nothing as compared to the excitement greeting these feminine versions. So cunning . . . cut like baby pants, knit of cotton and rayon, fashioned so that there is not an inch of surplus, yet full of stretch and spring. Now we ask you . . . isn't that the perfect pantie? No more "borrowing" brother's or husband's shorts, for Reis has made men safe from these invasions by packing these "Scandalettes" in smart Cellophane packages, making them in small, medium, or large sizes, in white or tea rose, and pricing them at only 50c!

\*\*\*\*How would you like to have "Joan"  
[Continued on page 73]



Are you wearing  
a hat like  
Ginger Rogers'?  
Shops have them!



# Just a Few Introductions



You may see Eleanor Powell tap-dance her way to stardom in *Broadway Melody of 1936*. Meanwhile, you see how a dance queen keeps fit!



David Holt takes a neat way of telling you to be looking for his cute sister, Mary, in films. She's three



See the structure in the distance beyond George Brent in this scene from *Stranded?* It's something you haven't seen before—the new Golden Gate Bridge in the making!

Meet Jeni Le Gon (right)—dusky dancing sensation of *Hooray for Love*. Now she steps into *Broadway Melody of 1936*



On the screen, you will meet Helen Gahagan in the exotic title rôle of *She*. Off the screen, she is Mrs. Melvyn Douglas and mother of Peter, aged two





Elissa Landi is flower-conscious, as every charming woman is

# Say "Charm" with Flowers!

Whenever you handle flowers, you are telling charm secrets . . . as Elissa Landi does here

**W**HENEVER you go out to Elissa Landi's beautiful Santa Monica canyon home, you are sure to come home with an armful of flowers. And what an armful! Her mother, the Countess Zanardi-Landi, and Elissa herself urge you to take more, and more, and no matter how many dozens of flowers you pick, you don't alter the appearance of that broad expanse of nodding rainbow hues.

Not all of us can have beautiful gardens to putter around in and to look upon with pride, but all of us can and should have some few flowers in our houses or apartments at all times. Flowers should hold an important place in any woman's life. They express her womanly charm, and they are also a barometer to her artistic sensibilities.

Some women know instinctively what to do about arranging flowers to the best advantage. Elissa is one of them. But, being just as human as the rest of us, she is constantly on the lookout for new ideas, new suggestions. And, like every flower-lover, she eagerly shares her own enthusiasms.

● "FIRST of all," said Elissa, when I asked her to tell me about some of them, "is the new method of floating flowers without their stems in flat, low bowls. This fashion is particularly widespread in California, and it is a lovely one . . . and as practical and economical as it is effective. Because, if you are very frugal, you can leave a standing order with your florist to buy all his broken-stemmed flowers. Look at this lovely bowl of pansies, here on the coffee table. Did you ever see anything more stunning?"

I hadn't. A great mass of dark-centered pansies, floating in a flat silver bowl.

"Garden roses are lovely this way, too, especially when the petals begin to fall off, and drift on top of the water. As a matter of fact, you can use almost any kind of flower this way . . . gardenias, magnolia blossoms, gerani-

ums. This low, flat arrangement is particularly smart when used as the center piece of a formal dinner-table setting . . . because you don't have to look 'around' and 'over' it, as you have to do with a high arrangement of stemmed flowers.

● "IF you do use a group of short-stemmed flowers, such as sweet peas, for your table decoration, place them on top of one of those smart round mirrors, suitable for this purpose. These have come down in cost in the last few years. And they do give the pleasing effect that the flowers make, by reflecting them.

"And, speaking of mirrors, wherever you may have one in your house, that place is a perfect spot for flowers, if arranged on a small table in front of the mirror. Flowers, against a mirror background, have twice their usual effect. In the entrance hall, where a guest mirror usually hangs, is an ideal spot for flowers, since there they seem to extend a cheery greeting.

"Even if you have no extensive garden of your own, it is not necessary to spend a great deal of money at a florist's. Too many people fail to realize that 'snips' of ordinary shrubs and greens, which probably grow right outside your door, are lovely when brought into the house. Great sprigs of a blooming snowball bush, massed in a large bowl, are beautiful and effective. And you can even use twigs of a privet hedge to make a very few flowers seem like a great many. Even the lowly wild rhubarb plant comes into its own in the living room. The great, shiny, dark-green leaves are beautiful and graceful, all by themselves, but they wilt quickly if placed in a too-warm room. So don't bring them in until just before your guests arrive.

"And I can even tell you how to grow a beautiful fern from a sweet potato! Look! Would you ever guess that that luxuriant green fern over there . . . see how prettily it curls and twists out of that brass bowl . . . started from a plain, ordinary sweet potato? [Continued on page 63]

BY HELEN HUTCHINSON



# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



*Portrait by C. S. Bull*

## *Chic and Clever*

No one on the screen has more chic than Myrna Loy. No one else has ever been clever enough to escape "charmer" rôles and become a charming heroine. And this svelte sophisticate has just been east of the Rockies for the first time! She wanted to see New York, the setting of "The Thin Man," whose sequel she and William Powell are about to make



# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



## *Grace Goes Calling*

Grace Moore completes her new picture, "Love Me Forever," and decides to pay a visit to Europe . . . Whereupon Europe pays homage to Grace such as no other feminine screen star ever has received . . . No other ever sang as she can!



## *On the Right Path*

Plain horse sense and a good long look ahead should convince Robin that he is in the best of company, appearing with Ginger Rogers. The girl is heading along one of the brightest paths in films. She is a pert singer, a nimble dancer, a clever comedienne, a smart style-setter. And in "Top Hat," co-starring with Fred Astaire, she reveals that she is also an agile equestrienne. But, best of all, she is natural!



# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



## *Water Nymph of the Newsreels*

Movie beauties may look like mermaids in swim suits, but when a mermaid looks like a movie beauty—that's news. And Eleanor Holm Jarrett (she is the wife of Arthur Jarrett, the singer) rates headlines any way you look at her. As a swimmer, she not only gets her hair wet; she is a champion—recently breaking the world's record for the backstroke. And she is the prettiest girl athlete in newsreel history—pretty enough to receive Hollywood offers, which she has given up to continue her swimming career. But the studios still are trying persuasion!

*Photos by Wide World*





# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



Portrait by Welbourne

## Smart Comedienne

The easy way for a comedienne to get laughs is to play "dumb" and dress the part. But Glenda Farrell has opened the gates to stardom by delivering smart dialogue and wearing smart clothes. (This evening ensemble is the newest thing—a shable white piqué, topped by a navy jacket dotted with cotton tufts and lined with piqué.) She is currently co-starring with Joan Blondell in "We're in the Money"

## A Head for Close-Ups

When an actress can take close-ups as Claire Trevor does, she merits more of them—especially when she can also act as Claire does in "Dante's Inferno." So a movement is afoot to star her!





# THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

## *Small Boy— Big Appeal*

Freddie Bartholomew, ten years old, may be a great child actor, but he is also all-boy. (Note the pocket collection of fountain pens!) He was irresistible, as well as completely real, in "David Copperfield"—and why should he be any less so as Garbo's son in "Anna Karenina"?



## *Up to the Top in One Leap*

Nelson Eddy made a number of concert tours and was always politely applauded. Then the blond baritone played a leading rôle in one picture—"Naughty Marietta"—and see what happened! Overnight, he was a sensation, a star. He is now starring in—and living up to the title of—"Americans Can Sing"

*Portrait by C. S. Bull*



*Ann*  
*Sothorn's*  
**ADVICE**  
*to*  
**Modern Girls**

This is something that every ambitious girl should read. It tells the secrets of success that sensational Ann Sothorn had to learn to get where she is today

By CARLA MADISON



Ann Sothorn is leading candidate for the title rôle of the film, "The Girl Friend"

**A**NN SOTHERN settled herself comfortably in the depths of a large easy chair, looked at the ceiling, and pondered my question.

"What would I advise the modern girl who wants a career? That's rather a large order. I am hardly the one to offer pointers for a career, you know, for mine was more or less just an accident."

But, accident or not, Ann has stored away a vast array of valuable knowledge during her eight years as an actress. And under a barrage of questions this golden-haired, gray-eyed girl who looks like a next season's débutante gave me a vivid verbal text-book on the subject of success.

"Perhaps some careers are planned. I don't know," Ann admitted. "Mine wasn't—it just happened. My mother was a concert singer and it was only natural that she should guide me into a musical education.

"Like any other young girl, I played a lot and worked a little. I suppose I had the vague idea that some day I would like to step into Mother's shoes. But I never dreamed of screen work.

"After three years at the University of Washington, I visited my mother in Hollywood one summer. She was then working as a voice coach at Warner Brothers, and on my first visit I was just as interested as any avid movie

fan in the miracles of a movie studio. But I didn't get the idea of trying to land a job until Bill Koenig, a studio worker whom I had known previously in Minneapolis—I grew up in Minneapolis, you know—asked me if I wouldn't like to take a test. Naturally, I liked the idea. And I was pretty much surprised when it came out well.

"I didn't begin to do much of anything except draw my seventy-five-dollar-a-week check until later when Metro gave me a test and the late Paul Bern took me under his wing. He was a sincere friend and did a great deal to help me along. After that, I just kept on working until here I am."

Ann's careless gesture dismissed her achievements as minor indeed. But it is a habit of hers not to magnify her own importance. She did not tell of the many disappointments she suffered as she saw others, perhaps less talented, walking off with choice rôles. She did not tell how she became determined to make a name for herself; how she quit Hollywood for a period of rigid training in Ziegfeld shows on Broadway; or how she returned to Hollywood to climb rapidly to the top, meanwhile changing her name from Harriette Lake to Ann Sothorn.

"So all a girl needs for a successful career is a few friends inside the studio?" I asked dubiously.

Ann smiled. "Oh, I'll admit I [Continued on page 60]



# SUCCESS *is my* REVENGE

says Bette Davis



Are your ambitions always being belittled? And do you "take it"? Bette Davis didn't. That's how she became famous as an actress

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

SOMETIMES the secret of success is found as the result of diligent search, of driving ambition. Others say it is luck that brings them fame. Others, that it is self-sacrifice. Bette Davis says that her success is based on *revenge*! That is a very frank explanation. But

Bette is frank. This particular example of her frankness was brought about by her reading an observation that Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, had made. "Success," Mrs. Atherton had written, "is the greatest form of revenge."

Bette bounded out of her chair. "And don't I know it!" she cried. "Just last week I had a chance for revenge that I had been waiting for, for *years*, and only my success made it possible!"

"This particular case had its beginning years ago when I was just a schoolgirl. In Boston, where I lived, I went for one year to the public high school. Then I went to a private school for three years. This so depleted the family funds that, when I returned from school, it was decided that I would have to help at home for a year.

"I loathe housework. I have always loathed it. That is one of the reasons, I suppose, why I was so unhappy, and so bored, during that year. Every day, the girls whom I had known three years before at the public high school passed by our house. But do you think any of them ever stopped in to chat with me? *No!* It was as though I had never been a part of their lives. They went by, laughing and chatting gaily, so taken up with their own little world that they didn't remember I had once been a part of it. Yes, I was envious as I watched them. But I was also stubborn. If they did not want me, I did not want them.

• "There was one girl who was a ringleader in that high school crowd. During the year that I went to school with her I became very fond of her. And I thought she had become fond of me. But she was one of the first to forget me. Yet—and it's always the case—she was one of the first to write me after I had achieved a certain degree of success as the result of my rôle in Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*.

"Do you think I answered her letter meekly and mildly and in a 'I-was-so-glad-to-hear-from-you-again' manner? I did not. I wrote her one of the iciest, most sarcastic letters of which I was capable. And got a big kick out of it, too!

"Oh, I know it may sound silly and petty and childish, but nevertheless it's human, and I'm human, and I couldn't help myself in this case. As I think about it now, however, I can see that this motive for

'revenge' goes much deeper and is of much more importance than when it merely expresses itself in a letter to a schoolgirl friend. My whole career is based on it, really.


"You see, when I wanted to go on the stage, my whole family threw up its hands in [Continued on page 62]



# BING CROSBY

as a

*Husband*



What are Bing Crosby's private ambitions? Dixie Lee, who ought to know, springs this as one surprise in the revelations opposite: "He wants, eventually, to be a short-story writer and intends to study writing seriously when, as and if the day of crooning wanes"



by Dixie Lee

...who married the movies' most popular crooner five years ago, still is super-happy about it, and is willing to tell why—in detail

**T**HAT crooner kills me!" Not only is that one of my favorite expressions, but Bing Crosby does, actually, cramp my style. As a husband, I wouldn't trade him for Mr. Mellon, even if Mr. Mellon were one of the Mdivani princes; but as a co-worker I'll have none of him, thank you!

Recently, when we were both working at the Paramount Studio at the same time, I simply could not have him on the set during action. He made me nervous. After all, it is something to have a world-famous crooner standing there doing some personal worrying over you, isn't it? So I just saw to it that he was not allowed on the set. And the other night, when I was scheduled to do a radio broadcast, Bing was all prepared to take me to the station, but I could not have that either. So Bing listened in at home, just as I do when he broadcasts; and I think that is the best way.

You see, there are two Bing Crosbys—Bing, the crooner, and Bing, the husband, and to know either very well, you must know both . . .

● WHEN Bing and I were "romancing," I was appearing in pictures and Bing was singing at the Coconut Grove. To me, he was just another bathroom baritone, out of water. I couldn't see him. Of course, he was attractive with his blue eyes and blond hair—and husky, too, both as to physique and voice; but he was the typical ex-collegiate playboy and I admired men who had ambition—who were workers.

Then, when he was singing his way to comparative success, he became so involved in contracts and had mortgaged his future to such an extent that when his brother Everett took over the management of Bing's career, it cost that young singing simpleton exactly \$35,000 to regain his own freedom! You see, he simply cannot say "No." He has learned to say, "Yes—if it's all right with Ev," which is as near as he will ever get. Even today Bing has no more idea of the value of money than our babies, but he has quieted down, and he is more settled and more level-headed. (In fact, he is pretty much of the sort of person he appears in his films—and perhaps that explains why he is so popular!)

But to get back to when I first knew him: Soon I began to think Bing was just the grandest ever, until he would do some ridiculous stunt like giving an agent a cut-in on his services for a year for enough spending money to be a good fellow. That used to cause arguments that made the fracas at Ypres look like a sham battle. Then I would go to the Grove with a party of friends and Bing would sing "I Apologize" and "I Surrender, Dear"



Dixie Lee, smiling across the page at her famous husband, gave up a promising screen career to marry him. (And he wasn't a movie star then!) Recently, she has returned to films—currently appearing in *Redheads on Parade*

with practically all of Hollywood listening in to what we imagined was our very private romance!

When we actually were alone, Bing was tongue-tied most of the time, like some awe-struck little boy. He did not, I assure you, croon to me as he does to Joan Bennett in "Two for Tonight!" Maybe that was what appealed to me most. His feelings were written all over his honest face. With the exception of Richard Arlen, Bing is the most naïve person in the world! He believes everything anybody tells him and he gets terribly flustered when he finds out he is being kidded. It is a lovable quality. You simply could not turn down a boy like that—now, could you?

● IT WAS 1930. He had not entirely proved that he could be serious and stick to the job, but I said "Yes!" We were married in September of that year. Bing finally was at liberty to go East and to accept a twenty-one-week contract on a national hook-up. At the same time he was doing five shows a day, making personal appearances and was knocking out records on the side. Those records made records of their own—grossing top for sales. Bing was incorporated—doubly incorporated—for now he was Bing Crosby, Limited, Incorporated! And at the conclusion of his first air contract he hurried back to Hollywood, where he had previously made a few "shorts." The town was conscious of him now!

At last I was convinced that Bing was really the man I had sensed beneath all that easygoing, what-the-heck attitude. He still insists he is lazy, that he does not like to work, but he will get up at six in the morning just the same to play a round of golf and have a romp with the babies before going to the studio. But saying he is lazy is just a defense mechanism with him today, because, as anyone associated with him will [Continued on page 70]



## HOW SHE HAS CHANGED

"I have an entirely new outlook on life," says Claudette Colbert in this interview. "Perhaps I've developed into what you might call a fatalist. Almost one, anyway. . . . I used to think, 'Claudette, you have to keep struggling, you know—or sink!' It didn't occur to me that you move much faster when you swim with the current. I swam against it. I tried to force issues—but it didn't pay. It was the very things I was pushed into against my will that were the most successful."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has changed more during the last six months than any other person in Hollywood. Everyone has noticed it. All of her friends are discussing it.

Cecil B. De Mille, who directed her in *Sign of the Cross* and *Cleopatra* and was the first to give the world a hint of her versatility, told me, "Claudette has unfolded. It has been a very wonderful thing to watch. I don't know what is in back of it all, but she has a new serenity about her that makes her even more beautiful."

The French actor, Charles Boyer, who has known her for years and recently played opposite her in *Private Worlds*, was vehement about the change. "It's as if something, some tight little reserve that kept the real Claudette half-hidden, had at last been broken. You have seen the petals of a flower gradually loose their hold? It is like that . . ."

The glowing rays of success, of course, are apt to make most people blossom—especially if it is the overwhelming, prize-winning kind of success that she has had. (She received the Academy award for the best feminine acting of 1934 with her performance in *It Happened One Night*, and she is now near the top of the Top Ten Box-Office Favorites.)

But I have known Claudette long enough and well enough to realize that this could not begin to be the explanation for her change. The explanation, I felt, went back farther—because the change is far more fundamental than that. And it all came to light in a wholly unexpected way, as such things usually do.

● WE were talking, desultory fashion, in the sunroom of the house she has rented until her own lovely

# CLAUDETTE

## New Code

Everyone has seen the change in the star who was 1934's "best actress." But it hasn't been explained till now!

Claudette Colbert, seen in a flowered cape, with hat and sleeves trimmed to match, has "blossomed out" in other ways. She is now making *She Married Her Boss*





# COLBERT'S of Living

BY VIRGINIA LANE

Georgian home is completed. Claudette had just ordered tea when her private telephone burred softly. It was a call from the studio. I saw her face light up as she listened, but she said, demurely enough, "Very well, if you think so. We'll have another story conference at eleven tomorrow then." But when she hung up, she took "Smoky," that black-as-black French poodle of hers, and danced him around the room. "There, that proves it!"

She dropped lightly on the couch. "A year ago, even six months ago, I'd have been in a dither over this. But now—I've given up worrying. I try to keep calm and let things right themselves. They usually do. This is a case in point. I wasn't particularly happy about the story material offered me—but I decided to wait a while and say nothing about it. Now they tell me they have discarded that story. They have another that is much better . . .

"The truth is, I have an entirely new outlook on life. Perhaps I've developed into what you might call a fatalist. Almost one, anyway. You see, it came to me a short time ago that practically everything of importance in my life has been shaped for me. It has happened in spite of anything I have done.

"I used to think, 'Claudette, you have to keep struggling, you know—or you'll sink!' It didn't occur to me that you move much faster when you 'swim with the current,' so to speak. I swam against it. I tried to force issues—but it didn't pay. It was the very things I was pushed into against my will that were the most successful.

• "WHY, if you'll believe it I didn't even want to do *It Happened One Night*! The only reason I played in it was because it gave me an opportunity to work with such a grand director as Frank Capra and such a fine actor as Clark Gable.

"And look at the circumstance that led to my being chosen for the part!

Some time before, I had made *Three-Cornered Moon*—very much against my wishes. Everyone else in the cast was expert in the comedy line and I had never tried comedy. In fact, for the two years previous they had wanted nothing but tears in my eyes on the screen! So when the opportunity came to break away from that, I naturally was in a quandary. I had the jitters, really. I practically had to be forced into the rôle—and if I hadn't been, Mr. Capra would never have thought of me in a thousand years.

"So you can see why I've stopped fighting Fate! Oh, I don't mean I'm going to sit back passively from now on. Hardly! You have to take some initiative. For instance, everything that's being offered to me now is comedy. It's up to me to guard against an overdose of it because I like variation in my work. That's why I did *Private Worlds*. It was so different from the other pictures I've been in lately. But I do feel that you have to comply with circumstances and get the utmost out of them if you want to get the utmost out of life!"

CERTAINLY, circumstances have molded the Colbert career.

She wanted to sing—and Fate robbed her of the chance. It took away her sweet singing voice and gave her, in its place, the rich speaking voice with its unique throaty quality that today holds audiences fascinated.

She was engaged to be married at seventeen. A thrilling shipboard romance. Promises made under a summer moon. She was ready to leave everything she knew and set up cottage-for-two housekeeping in Georgia as Mrs. Davenport. Came a change in her family's fortunes and Claudette forgot matrimony in the bewildering business of making a living.

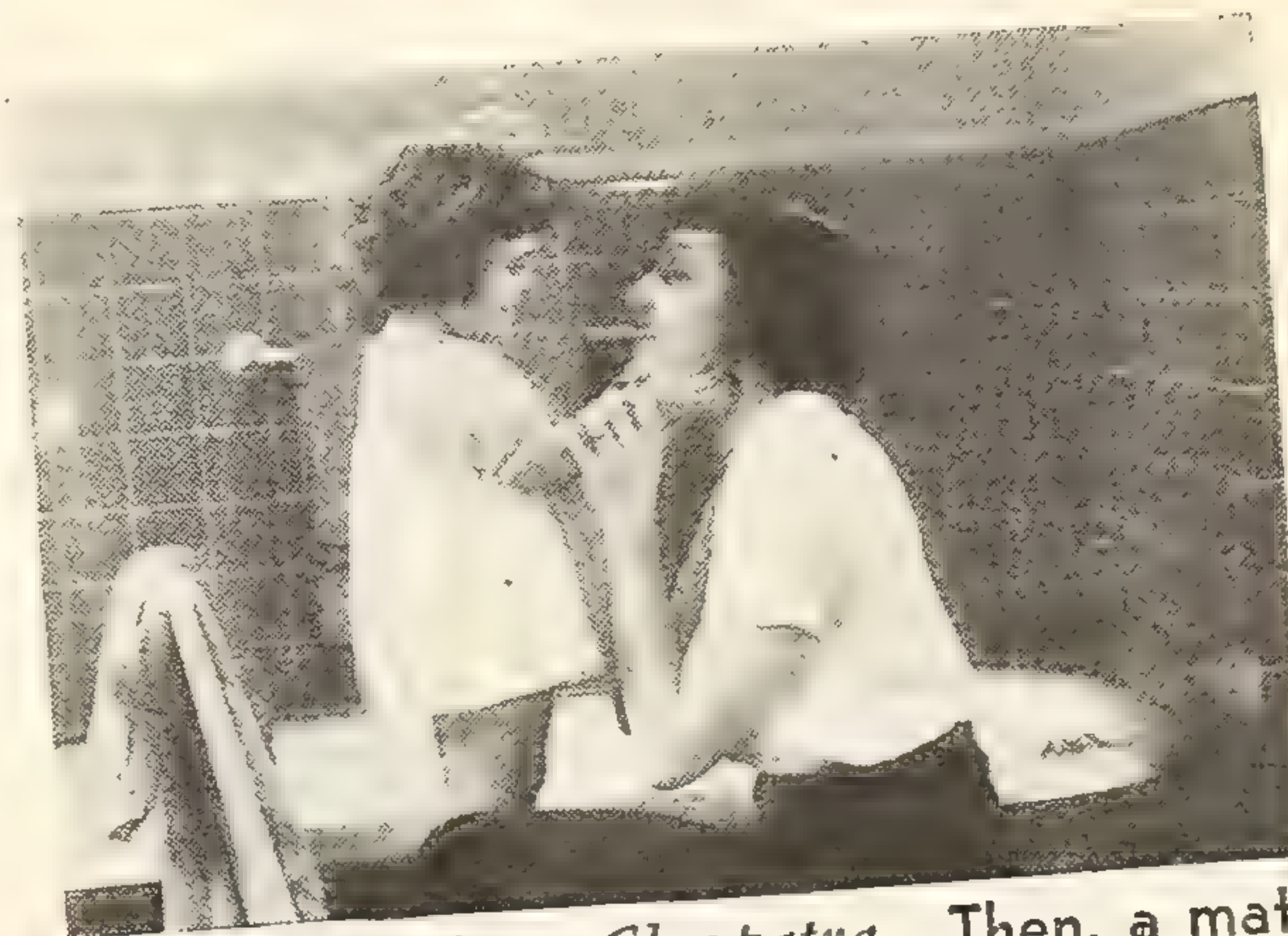
She expected to be a painter. For five years she [Continued on page 58]



Richard Arlen and Claudette in *Three-Cornered Moon*, which led to—



*It Happened One Night*, with Clark Gable as her co-star.



Next, *Cleopatra*. Then, a maternal role in *Imitation of Life*.



Fred MacMurray aided her light comedy in *The Gilded Lily*.



Then, with Charles Boyer, she did a drama—*Private Worlds*.



# Ten Always Charming

BY B. F. WILSON

"I CAN'T do it," said Neysa McMein, emphatically. "I can't name 'THE ten most charming women.' I have too many personal friends—I know at least a hundred women whom I consider charming. How could I select a limited number?"

America's most famous woman artist frowned. She was busy—very busy. She had interrupted a heavy morning's work to see me. She had just returned from a trip to India, where she had spent several months big-game hunting with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and her work had piled up to the point of distraction.

She walked over to the windows of her beautiful studio on Central Park West, in New York. After a few moments of thought she turned and said:

*"I think that the most outstanding trait in all the charming women I know is their utter simplicity, their naturalness. All of them have it. All of them show it, even those from whom you would expect complexity because of their position in life."*

"Take Katharine Cornell, for example. No one questions the fact that she is one of the best of the younger actresses in America. Her name is the biggest box-office attraction in the theatre all over the country. Yet, in private life, she is as opposite from any of the glamorous stage characters she portrays as anyone possibly could be. Off stage, she is one of the least theatrical of actresses.

To be always charming, a woman has to be naturally charming, says the famous woman artist, citing varied celebrities as examples. One of them may be your own type

● "SIMPLICITY is the keynote of her character. If you passed her on the street, you would never recognize the famous star in the plainly dressed, quiet-looking young woman out for a stroll. Her simple little hat, stuck anyhow on her head; her plain, tailored suit; her sensible walking shoes make her look more like a young schoolteacher than anything else. She is the studious type and spends most of her leisure hours reading. She has an indefatigable thirst for knowledge, and the very names of the books she reads would give the average woman a headache.

"When you visit her at her country home—which she loves, and away from which no party on earth could drag her—you find the real woman: charming, intelligent, wholly human."



Beatrice Lillie (painted by Neysa McMein) "casts a spell over everybody who knows her"—by being uniquely natural



Claudette Colbert is "frank in speech, far more intelligent than the average girl, delightfully human"



Helen Hayes "is intelligent and, at the same time, has a quality of simplicity that is fascinating"



# Women

*as named by*

NEYSA McMEIN

She walked away from the window, with her capable, strong-looking hands thrust into the pockets of her smock, which looked as if it had been worn constantly for years. Her eyes narrowed as she critically surveyed the last finished product of her paint-brush. It was the head of a girl—a lovely face, beautiful in coloring, and intended for the cover of a magazine.

For more than fifteen years Neysa McMein has been receiving national recognition as a painter of beautiful and charming young womanhood. She started drawing when a mere youngster and received seventy-five cents for her first effort. She is now the highest-paid commercial artist in the country. You have seen her work innumerable times—in the advertising pages of all the leading publications, on billboards, on posters, and on magazine covers.

● THEY say that every artist resembles his work. As I watched her move around her studio—restless, smoking a cigarette—I realized the truth of the old saying. Her portraits all carry something characteristic of the artist. Her coloring, for one thing, is unusual. Blonde, heavy masses of hair crown a strong face with regular features and gray-blue eyes circled by dark lashes. The line of the brow is almost masculine [*Continued on the next page*]



NEYSA McMEIN  
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

Above, Neysa McMein, herself—as seen and sketched by another famous artist, James Montgomery Flagg. Highest-paid woman artist of the day, she is as individual as her paintings



Mitchell

Hope Williams is "super-sophisticated in appearance . . . utterly natural beneath"



Katharine Cornell is "one of the least theatrical of actresses." (Vandamm photo)



Virginia Bruce has "softness of youth . . . a sympathetic nature . . . a sweetness of disposition"





Mrs. Harrison Williams  
—"a beautiful woman,  
with unaffected poise"



Kathleen Norris  
is "genial, kind,  
witty, brilliant"



Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the nov-  
elist, now more than seventy,  
has "wit, vitality, magnetism"



Mrs. William Randolph Hearst  
has "a spiritual beauty that  
leaves an indelible impression"

in its straightness. She is the type who makes a distinct impression upon first encounter—as her drawings do.

"Of course, all of the people I find charming, both male and female, are slightly mad," she continued, turning away from the portrait, and smiling. "That's why I like them. But the maddest, most delightful one of the crowd, perhaps, is Beatrice Lillie, the English comedienne. Her personality is so unusual; her sense of humor so priceless; her keen little face so perfectly fascinating to watch, that she casts a spell over everybody who knows her. I painted a portrait of her, and every sitting was like being at a circus. You know that feeling—the suspense of not knowing what is coming next? Her charm is unlike any other that I have ever found in a woman. She's unique.

"Hope Williams, of Park Avenue and Broadway and the movie, *The Scoundrel*, is a little bit like her. They both have the same sort of finished-product effect. Super-sophisticated in appearance, but, at the same time, utterly natural beneath. Hope has a ranch out West, and she prefers it to any other place in the world. She loves animals, rides like a cowboy, and spends more time with her horses than she does with her family or friends. Her charm is more the athletic type—fresh, breezy, almost brusque. She's like a day spent out of doors.

● "HELEN Hayes also has a charm that is peculiarly her own. I don't know any other woman like her: a great artist as an actress, a devoted wife and mother, a fine, idealistic character whom you admire and respect with all your heart. And a natural, human young woman with all the emotional reactions of the most ordinary person. She is intelligent and, at the same time, has a quality of simplicity that is fascinating.

"Did you know that Helen is an expert swimmer?" she asked abruptly. "We both tried to swim Long Island Sound once last summer. Someone dared us to do it, and off we started from in front of my house. We swam across all right, but had to be helped back. She's a grand diver, as well, and the funny thing is that very few people know anything at all about her athletic prowess. She's such a little mouse of a person, ordinarily—it is only when she is on the stage, before the cameras or starting some tremendous task that she [Continued on page 74]





As Jean  
Valjean in  
*Les Misérables*

# Hollywood

## HERO

No. 1—

## Fredric March

He is the man of the movie hour. And he has reached the top by a route no other hero has taken!

BY VALERIE GAY



As Count  
Vronsky in  
*Anna Karenina*

CLARK GABLE, Gary Cooper, James Cagney, Bing Crosby, George Raft, Paul Cavanagh . . . these are the Hollywood heroes Mae West recently named as "the six most romantic." But when the word gets around, ten million women are going to ask: "And what about Fredric March?"

He is the actor who is tops today—Hollywood Hero No. 1—so far as Hollywood, itself, is concerned. And Hollywood isn't in the habit of thinking *anyone* is tops—until the feminine ballots have been counted.

Greta Garbo just voted for him. She wanted Fredric March, and no one but Fredric March, for the masculine rôle opposite her in *Anna Karenina*; moreover, to have him opposite her, she was willing to share star billing with him. And the ten million, after seeing him in *Les Misérables*, can understand why.

Women, it seems, have always liked Freddie. But now they are beginning to appreciate him.

Looking over the field, they have suddenly paused to reflect that here is one handsome hero who is different—not only from every other handsome hero, but from himself, as they last saw him. They knew it all along. They just hadn't stopped to think about it before.

But now that they *have* stopped, looked, and listened, they will be *staying* March-conscious!

● THE first time they ever saw him (which was in 1929), their pulses started racing, and they could have "gone" for him in a great big way—if he had just let them get close to him. But he had other ideas.

He kept changing his rôles—and, with them, his appearance and his personality. He didn't build up any trade-marked image of himself that they could worship.

He didn't specialize in being romantic or looking romantic. He was not only handsome *Dr. Jekyll*; he also dared to be hideous *Mr. Hyde*. He never let the girls get the illusion that they knew Fredric March, the person, after seeing Fredric March, the actor.

So they kept on liking him and going to see him—but they spread their passionate hero-worship around among the lads they could get to know more quickly. And when new faces and new types came along, they frequently shifted allegiances.

As each new object of their affections zoomed into high popularity, it looked like a great break for each of the boys in turn. And so it was. But it also had its drawbacks.

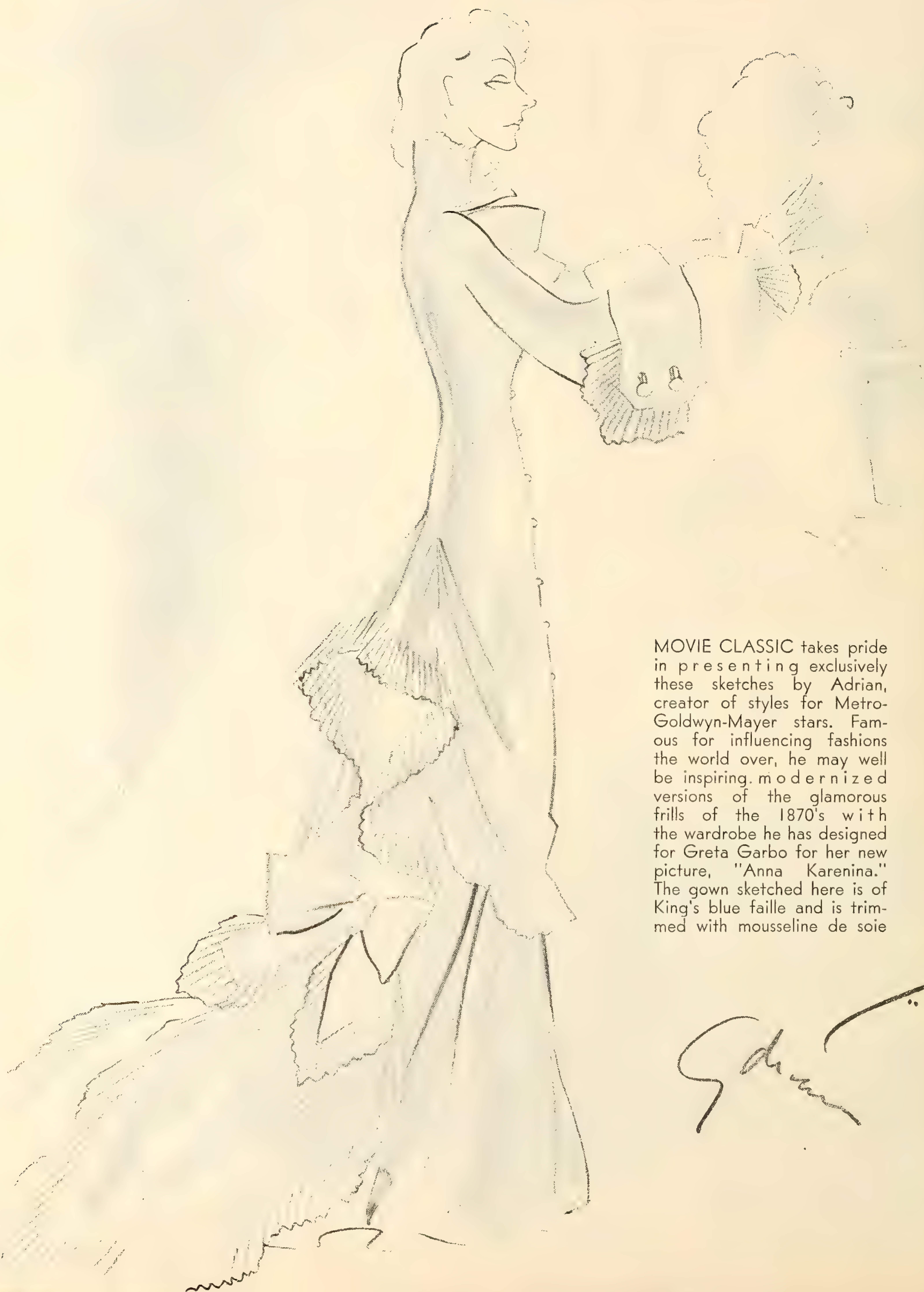
For when an actor made a hit with the girls in a certain type of rôle—a rôle that seemed to mirror his own personality—they didn't want him to be a totally different kind of person in his next picture. At least, they didn't think they wanted that. And the new favorite decided [Continued on page 76]



Greta Garbo had her choice of heroes—but insisted on Fredric March for *Anna Karenina*. Moreover, he is co-starred with her



For Garbo  
Anna Karenina



MOVIE CLASSIC takes pride in presenting exclusively these sketches by Adrian, creator of styles for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. Famous for influencing fashions the world over, he may well be inspiring modernized versions of the glamorous frills of the 1870's with the wardrobe he has designed for Greta Garbo for her new picture, "Anna Karenina." The gown sketched here is of King's blue faille and is trimmed with mousseline de soie



negligée  
for Garbo -  
"Anna Karenina"

Fashions ARE influenced by Hollywood and Hollywood's designers. Paris and New York both admit it. And since costume pictures have a way of giving new life to long-forgotten vogues, the whole fashion world is awaiting Greta Garbo in an 1870 mood in "Anna Karenina"—wearing "gowns by Adrian." This sketch by the famous young designer is of a negligée of lavender brocaded silk, trimmed with lavender pleated net, velvet ribbon and violets





# Fay Wray— Pert Pioneer

It's hard to keep track of Fay. First she's in Hollywood, next in New York, then in London—setting styles in independence!

BY CAROL CRAIG

**F**AY WRAY surprised me. I expected to find a reserved, inclined-to-be-serious young actress—very conscious of being an international star. Instead, I found a pert, sprightly, and completely human young modern, eagerly alive and very eager to talk anything or anybody except Miss Fay Wray, formerly of Wrayland, Canada, and now of Hollywood, New York, and London.

She had returned only the day before from London, where she had made two pictures for Gaumont-British. Now she was ensconced in a suite on the thirty-some floor of the Hotel Pierre on New York's Fifth Avenue, overlooking New York's Central Park, with a row of distant skyscrapers as a "back-drop" for the scene.

The green of the park was an anodyne for eyes tired from looking at walls of buildings, walls of rooms. But turning from the window to look at Fay in her grass-green hostess gown was another restful experience. Perhaps you can picture the effect of that particular shade of green with dark



Now Fay is making life even more varied by crossing the ocean between pictures



Fay Wray was one of the first film stars to travel by air—commuting between Hollywood and New York

reddish-brown hair and very dark blue eyes.

As she sat down on a divan, her hand came in contact with a folder lying there. Amused that an interviewer should find her with it, she explained that it was a souvenir of her visit in England—a booklet about astrology. Everyone in England, so Fay said, was furiously engrossed in the subject—trying to learn from the heavens about their lucky days, so that they could bet shillings on horse races and collect in pounds. (The same eagerness to get-rich-quick has just manifested itself in America with chain letters, with

Americans trusting in human nature, instead of astrology, to bring them riches.) Her maid had insisted that she bring the book along, so that Fay could have no excuse for not knowing what was in [Continued on page 77]



# "I Thought He Wasn't My Type!"

Did you ever say this—and then fall in love with just that man? Frances Dee did—with Joel McCrea!

BY GRACE MACK

"OH, I wouldn't care for him—he isn't my type!" How often have you heard girls say that? Maybe you have said it, yourself—as Frances Dee once said it about Joel McCrea.

Most of us have a mental picture of the sort of man we would like to marry. We visualize him as light or dark, gay or serious, quiet or dynamic. In our mind's eye,



Hurrell

For three years, Frances Dee insisted Joel McCrea wasn't her type—and avoided meeting him. Now she says: "I wonder how I could have been so blind!"



"I insisted the man I married wouldn't be an actor," smiles Frances Dee

Hurrell

he may be a bit like Ronald Colman—or Clark Gable—or Gary Cooper—or Robert Montgomery—or James Cagney—or some other highly romanticized screen hero. Whatever the picture, we doll it up with the masculine virtues that most appeal to us individually and each of us labels it "my type of man." Then comes the business of keeping our eyes open for somebody who matches the picture.

But being too insistent about fitting that picture to an individual may be a perfectly sure way to miss Mr. Right-Man when he does come along. That, at least, is the contention of Frances Dee. And Frances knows whereof she speaks.

For three years, she evaded meeting Joel McCrea—all because she felt that he was not her type. They had mutual friends and some one of them was always saying to Frances: "You simply must meet Joel—he's such a grand person. You two really ought to know each other."

And Frances would reply, "Sorry, but I'm not the least bit interested in meeting him." When pressed for a reason, she would explain, "Well, he just isn't my type of man, that's all."

● FRANCES thought she knew what her type of man was, and Joel McCrea certainly bore no resemblance to it. She had seen him at various movie gatherings. She knew that he was rated Hollywood's most eligible bachelor and she was even willing to admit that he was extremely good-looking. But she was sure that he was spoiled and conceited and that he was the sort who would take it for granted that any new girl who loomed upon his horizon would fall for him in a big way.

"And the more my various friends tried to convince me that I would like him if I really knew him," says Frances today, "the more positive I was that I wouldn't care for him at all."

But what Frances did not know was that Joel felt the same way about her. You see, the mutual friends who had been trying to "sell" Joel to her had also been trying to "sell" her to him. Joel was completely frank in saying that Miss Dee did not appeal to him at all. For one thing, she was "high-hat."

It seems that one day when he was driving along Hollywood Boulevard, he drew up [Continued on page 78]



# Not the *Best-Dressed*— But the MOST IMPORTANT



What other woman could wear this exotic gown, as Marlene Dietrich did in *The Devil Is a Woman*? Yet, since she did wear it, styles have adopted Spanish and lace motifs!

HAVEN'T you wondered why Marlene Dietrich has never been suggested for the title of "best-dressed screen star?" Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Grace Moore, Dolores Del Rio, Adrienne Ames, Genevieve Tobin, Verree Teasdale—all of these and many more have been "mentioned" for this coveted and much-disputed honor. But never Marlene Dietrich. Why? Because she holds a much more startling and vital title.

Marlene Dietrich is recognized as *the most important fashion influence in the world today*. More than any other actress, she starts trends that millions of women follow. It is her extravagant imagination, which swings from one daring extreme to another, that claims this ranking for her. And it is part of the explanation for the fact that, after three successive pictures that were only mildly popular, she has just signed a new and larger-than-ever film contract.

"The most important fashion influence in the world today!" That is a pretty broad statement, but there are some pretty precise facts to back it up.

● LAST May, for example, the socially élite of New York turned out in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria to attend "The Lace Ball." The *piece de résistance* of the elaborate affair was the American Designers' Revue. All of the Hollywood designers and all of the important New York designers—Kiviette, Dorine Abrade, Lisbeth, Clarepotter, Helen Cookman, Elizabeth Hawes, Mabel Manning, Gladys Parker, and others too numerous to mention—had "showings." The gowns were applauded enthusiastically. But there were two presentations that climaxed the rest. Everyone went mad about them.



Back of all the styles that Marlene Dietrich starts is a man—Travis Banton, famous Paramount stylist



MARLENE DIETRICH does not always follow the decrees of fashion. But fashion has a habit of following the dramatic Dietrich—more than any other star!

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

One was a Spanish creation designed for Marlene Dietrich in *The Devil Is a Woman* (shown at the left). The other was a bridal party, dressed by Kiviette—and the bridal costume, probably for the first time in modern history, was *Spanish* in influence. The gown was made of lace, Spanish *peau d'ange*, and the bridal veil was draped, mantilla fashion, over a Spanish comb. Kiviette frankly gave credit for her inspiration to the gowns that Marlene Dietrich wore in *The Devil Is a Woman*. Likewise, Irene Hayes, who created the flower modes for the bridal party, credited the picture with the inspiration for the fan of carnations carried by the bride.

The clothes that Marlene Dietrich wore in that picture were designed especially for her by Travis Banton, famous Paramount stylist, who has fashioned all of her picture clothes and many of her personal ones, since she came to America.

And Mr. Banton told me, "Frankly, the gowns that Marlene wore in that picture could never be worn by anyone else. On the average woman, they would look ridiculous. They were too eccentric, too individual. But in modified versions, they will become the fashion of the season. Her fringe dress, for example, was the inspiration for Spanish shawl-like evening dresses that are already appearing in London, Paris, and New York. The lace stockings, the lace parasols, the lace mantillas, too . . . They have already become the vogue. Oh, yes, and the carnations! Because Marlene wore or carried carnations throughout the picture, this blossom has become the flower fashion of the year.

● "THE fact that I design for Marlene Dietrich," added Mr. Banton, smiling, "seems to be my greatest claim to fame. I made a trip to Europe recently, you know, and wherever I went, the name of Dietrich was on everyone's lips. Women haven't forgotten that it was Dietrich who brought coq feathers into the world of fashion—or that it was Dietrich, with her funny little peasant hat in *The Song of Songs*, which she wore on the back of her head, that started women to pushing their hats backward. They haven't forgotten a thing . . . and I could almost go down the list of her every picture, and show you that in each she has started a new fashion ball rolling."

"Let's go down that list!" I begged him.

We did. And here are my gleanings:

It was in *Shanghai Express* [Continued on page 79]



In *Shanghai Express*, Marlene Dietrich was "smothered" in coq feathers. A feather deluge followed!



In *The Song of Songs*, she introduced the coronet braid . . . and a hat pushed far back on the head



In *Scarlet Empress*, Marlene wore Cossack hats and carried muffs—and soon the whole world followed suit



Before Dietrich, a few women wore "modified masculine modes." But it took Marlene to popularize them!





# You'll Be Fond of FONDA!

Above, a close-up of Henry Fonda, who made the acquaintance of Lady Luck. In his first picture, *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, he plays opposite Janet Gaynor



BY J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

**H**AVE you ever heard of Henry Fonda? . . . Perhaps you have; perhaps you haven't. But you soon will hear of him—in a great big way. And like him!

Theatre managers who never heard of him yesterday will be spelling out his name tomorrow in letters a foot high—on their billboards, on their electric signs. For he is the News of the Month in Hollywood, and what is good news to Hollywood soon becomes good news to the rest of the civilized world.

His entry into films was so unusual and so unprecedented that it rated headlines, and would have had headlines, if he had been willing. (He most decidedly wasn't.) In his first picture, which followed hard upon his first major success on Broadway, he was given the leading rôle opposite the most popular feminine star of the day. Now he has made good on his big chance—and even he cannot halt the headlines that are bound to come.

The name of the picture is *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. The name of the feminine star is Janet Gaynor, Feminine Favorite No. 1 by actual box-office count.

The name of another lady who, he thinks, has played a large part in his recent life is Lady Luck. It is the first time, really, in his short, but eventful career, that he has made the lady's acquaintance. And he is finding the experience a bit bewildering, as well as exciting.

● NOT that he will talk about the experience. He is as reticent as he is refreshing to meet—as modest as you have always said you would be when Fame came your way. There is nothing of vainglory or ostentation about him. It takes no time at all to get the idea that he would much rather have his acting speak for him than do any talking for publication, himself.

In short, interviewing him is a tonic—a challenge—to an information-seeker. It takes verbal excavating to draw even the facts of his own immediate life from him. And if the interviewer is not on constant guard, he will find his quarry eluding him by talking of aviation or badminton or something else that the quarry *wants* to talk about.

Stand- [Continued on page 81]

HENRY FONDA may be new to films and new to you, but it's time you were informed about him. You will be talking about him!



# RAQUEL TORRES Invites *You* to A HOLLYWOOD PARTY!

You have always wanted to see one. Now you can be honor guest at one. And this will be just one of a thousand treats on the Movieland Tour!

*Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ames  
cordially request your presence  
at a party in your honor  
at their home  
August 13, 1935*

*R. S. V. P.*

**I**T'S to be a party—and you're invited! The cordial invitation above comes from none other than those popular young social leaders of Hollywood, Raquel Torres and her husband, Stephen Ames.

But how, you ask, are you going to get to Hollywood? Simple! Just join CLASSIC's Movieland Tour!

There still is time to make your reservation for the most exciting vacation you have ever dreamed of—an eye-filling, unforgettable trip by special train from Chicago to Hollywood through the Great Northwest, starting August 4th and returning to the starting point August 18th. Two solid weeks of joy!

The moment you climb aboard the Special, you can forget dull care. All expenses, including stops at the best hotels, are included in the low cost of the trip. There will be no baggage bothers, no schedules to worry about. A trip manager will see that everything is cared for—all at a price that will fit easily into your vacation plans.

Now, to explain more about the parties and tours planned for Hollywood. The first thing you will do after you arrive is to see a studio—as few others do—from the inside. And all that is arranged with Universal, oldest and largest of Hollywood studios. Autos will pick you up at the Roosevelt Hotel, headquarters for the Hollywood stay, and whisk you away over the famous Cuahuenga Pass into Universal City.

Guides in each car will point out everything of interest, identify stars and sets, and see to it that everyone's questions are answered. You can snap your friends by the huge sets, get out and personally inspect scenes where famous pictures have been made. Then luncheon with Universal stars at the studio [*Continued on page 67*]

BY  
JACK  
SMALLEY

Right, a group of famous guests playing "Carlo" at Raquel Torres' home. Seated are Nancy Carroll, Raquel herself (on the arm of Nancy's chair), Dorothy Libaire and Mona Rico. Standing, Benita Hume, Donald Cook, Jack Dunfee, Jack La Rue, Binnie Barnes, Walter Johnson and Paul Cavanagh.



(Exclusive photo by Rhodes  
for MOVIE CLASSIC)





*From the Lace Ball*

It's a lace summer! This stunning white linen lace street dress, with trimming of blue sheer silk, was recently presented at the American Designers' Revue in New York by Clarepotter. The navy Leghorn hat, with modish low crown and wide brim, is by Sally Victor

## Highlights

- The rustle of taffeta continues.
- Lace is the super-smart mode of the moment.
- Cottons are going to all of the best places—daytime and evening.
- Linens have gone more colorful . . . and where are the wrinkles of yesteryear?
- The cleverest play suits are complete vacation outfits.
- Combining colors is the new glamor game.
- And coolie hats are all the rage. Clever, those Chinese!

# fashion

## foreword

BY GWEN DEW

**A**T LAST—it's summer! So let's join the parade of the latest fashions, and see what we want for long warm days and for balmy, starry evenings.

We should be midsummer night's dreams, indeed, with all of the charm of the centuries lured into the dresses that have been created for us. Soft and shirred . . . that seems to be the pattern. If you are going dancing, for example, there is a flattering chiffon with high waist and quaint puffed sleeves in a heavenly shade of "angel blue." For a very blonde "you," there is an emerald-green dress of crisp floating organza, dramatically accented with wax-white Calla lilies bunched on the bosom. The skirt is shorter in front, thus marking it very summer 1935.

**T**AFFETA continues to rustle its way into the very best places, and the skirts are very wide, the bodices very tight, and the gowns are often worn under quilted taffeta three-quarter-length coats. Lace continues to gain applause and is the veritable princess of fashion. There is a favorite New York style that has a graceful crossed ruffle on the front of the bodice, and a low-cut halter neckline. It is made of pale pink silk lace over pink satin, and has a softly full skirt that spreads out into a demure little train.

Then, whether you are going to vacation at the beaches, or are staying home to dance on local roof gardens or at neighboring lakes, you will be tempted to take to the cottons, just as the smartest of young Manhattanites have. There are adorable white embroidered organdy dresses, almost little-girl-like in make . . . with huge sashes of brilliant blue or crimson that are completely lovely, and will intrigue the most cynical of masculine eyes. Other evening things include cunning dotted Swisses, stunning black organdies, regular cotton prints, and white piqué dresses with halter necks that have simply snatched the fashions right off the beaches and into the ballroom!

**W**HAT'S going to be your port of call during vacation time? The beach, the tennis court, the golf links, or just a-lazying? The styles are so utterly comfortable this summer that one hates to wear anything else. There are cunning play suits made of gingham, Tahitian prints, or of jersey. They may be outfits made up of separate shorts and tucked-in blouses or sweaters, or they may be one-piece affairs with halter necks. I saw one white jersey with a soft blue woven in the belt, and a cunning collar that ended in being the strings of the halter.

But the neatest trick of the month is a creation by Clarepotter, one of the smartest [*Continued on page 75*]





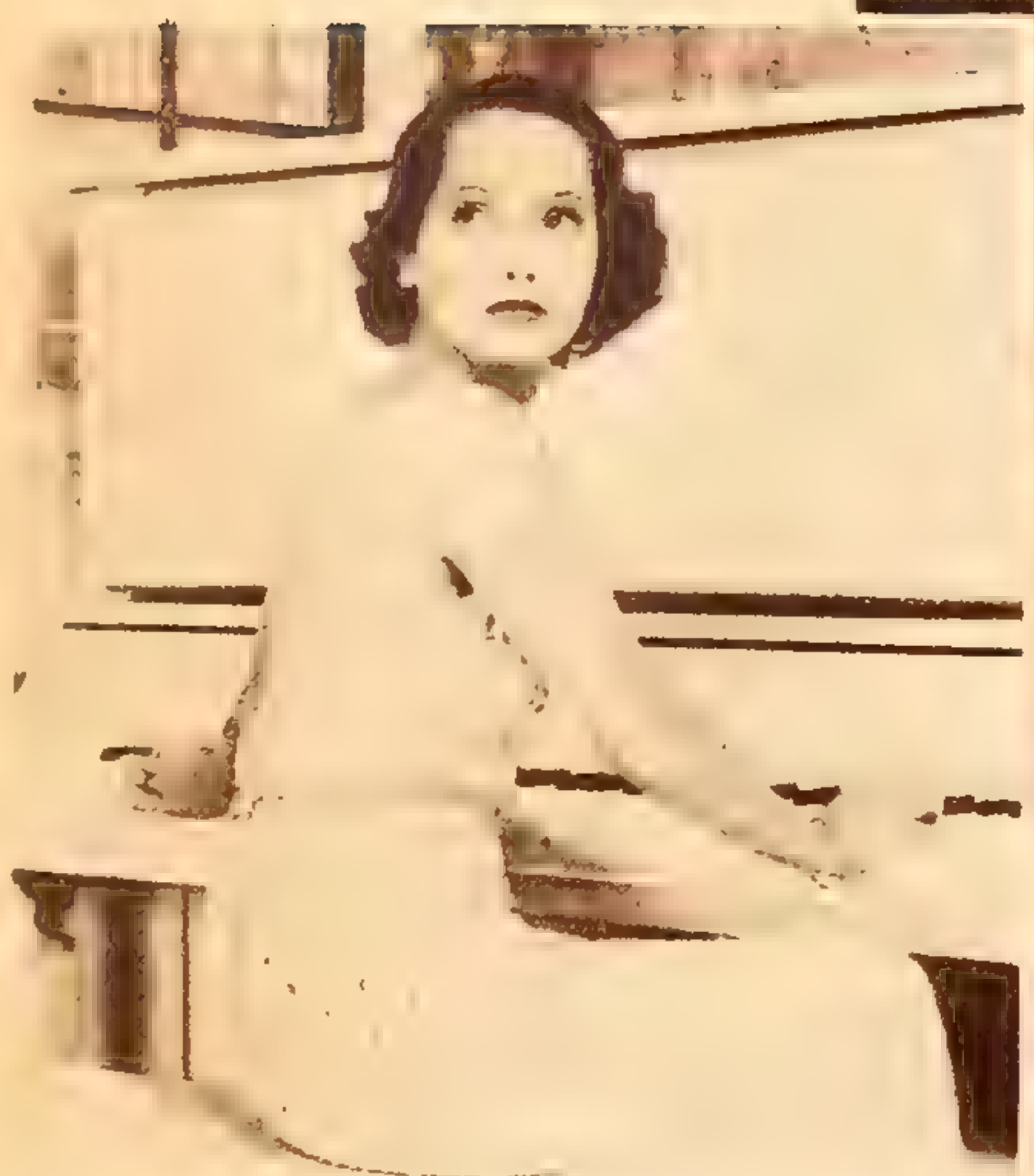
# Classic's FASHION PARADE

The scene is Hollywood, late of a summer afternoon. In her doorway, about to welcome guests, stands Adrienne Ames, one of the screen's most smartly dressed women . . . in a hostess gown of coral-colored heavy silk crêpe, very simple, very informal. And the picture tells this fashion story: The best midsummer modes match midsummer moods.

*Photographed exclusively  
for MOVIE CLASSIC  
by Charles Rhodes*



All photographs by  
Charles Rhodes, for  
MOVIE CLASSIC



Above, with complete ease, Merle Oberon gains that ethereal effect—in white chiffon beaded in silver, with chiffon "angel" sleeves. Left, without the sleeves, she becomes the décolleté sophisticate

# MERLE OBERON

## *Wears Everything Well*

As Designer Omar Kiam points out, Hollywood's newest star "can be the height of sophistication or completely demure." And we produce the proof!

By VIRGINIA LANE

IT WAS the Persian tent-maker, Omar Khayyam, who went into a dither about "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou" . . . But he had nothing on the Hollywood style-maker, Omar Kiam, who can go into a dither, himself, about "a design, a bolt of material, and you." And, of course, he means Merle Oberon—newest of screen stars, most exciting of all recent Hollywood importations, and famous as a well-dressed woman even before her arrival from abroad.

America first saw her as *Anne Boleyn* in that best-remembered of all British pictures, *The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth*. After that, in rapid succession, she was in Douglas Fairbanks' *Private Life of Don Juan*, also made in England; opposite Charles Boyer in *Thunder in the*

*East*, which was made in Boyer's native France; and then opposite Leslie Howard in the British picture, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. About that time, Hollywood claimed her—to appear opposite Maurice Chevalier in *Folies Bergere*.

"She is one of the easiest women in the world to design clothes for," Omar Kiam told me. (And he ought to know, having designed for queens and American empresses and a good number of the screen's favorites.) "Miss Oberon has the type of face and figure that can be outfitted for a variety of types. She wears everything well. She can be the alluring exotic—or the ingénue; she can be the height of sophistication—or completely demure. Here, glance over these and you will see what I mean."

He showed me drawings of the costumes he had made



for her for her rôle of the svelte Parisienne in *Folies Bergere*. Excitingly bizarre, as you remember, the dresses were labeled "woman-of-the-world" in every way.

Then he handed me another group of drawings. "But these dresses couldn't be for the same girl!" I protested.

"But they could!" he challenged. "They are for the new Merle Oberon you will see in *The Dark Angel*—a sweet, ingenuous young person with a spiritual air."

"Then what on earth is the real Merle Oberon like? How does *she* dress?"

"Why," suggested Omar Kiam with an un-poetical twinkle in his eye, "don't you find out?"

● So I did—going ten miles to the beach house she has rented, within a stone's throw of Norma Shearer's. On the way I wondered if I should find her draped on a silken couch in one of those devastating Hindu costumes that everybody seems to be wearing—perhaps in a Nile-green chiffon *sari* banded with gold cloth. Hadn't she lived in India for seventeen years before she first saw England and the interior of a film studio—and shouldn't some of the exotic mystery of the Far East cling to her? After all, she played a glamorous Oriental—and played the rôle convincingly—in *Thunder in the East*. . . .

Thus were my thoughts running when—*bang!* All those neat little pre-conceived ideas exploded into the Pacific.

A girl was coming across the sand of her front yard to meet me—floundering across, really, because the sand was deep. She had the impish smile of my twelve-year-old niece—and the same frank, friendly manner. *And* where was that *sari*? Where was the sleek black hair? This girl had soft reddish-brown hair that was brushed back in a loose, comfortable wave. She looked alarmingly young for an exotic. Moreover, for an exotic, she was surprisingly costumed — in white flannel slacks and a blue polo shirt, both with zipper fasteners. But maybe that is actually the most alluring type of woman. A woman

who is charmingly feminine—even in white slacks—and has a wholesome, unaffected way with her. . . .

"It's so delightful here at the beach. Look at my suntan!" she was saying. We compared tans. We compared notes on a number of things and discovered that we were both crazy about *Peter Ibbetson* and sketches and life in the country. People were coming for tea and she excused herself to dress. "Now," thought I, "we'll get a glimpse of this International Fascinator."

● She was a Fascinator, all right, when she returned. But *quaint!* Adorably so in a summer hostess gown that would thrill any girl—to say nothing of the men. . . . It was one of those lovely white mousselines printed in field flowers, with ruffles down the front and all the way around the bottom.

An old-fashioned fichu gave it a delightful air, and the sleeves were full, slightly puffed. There was a short train and a Kelly-green velvet ribbon supplied the belt and bow. Altogether, it was the most picturesque frock these eyes have seen in many a day. You put [Continued on page 66]



Simple, but stunning is Merle's turquoise-blue crêpe dinner gown—a novel semi-shirtmaker style with bat-wing sleeves



Fascinating and quaint is her summer hostess gown—white mousseline printed in field flowers, luxurious with ruffles



The young girl going out for the afternoon—Merle in a one-piece printed crêpe with sapphire-blue velvet bows





**Traveling**—a gray "tailleur" of the same hardy material as a man's suit



**Afternoon bridge**—a black ribbed silk crêpe, with novel matching bag



**Spectator sports**—a white flannel skirt, brown and white checked coat



46 **Luncheon**—a white serge pin-striped in blue, with a feminine ruffled sheer blouse



**Garden party**—a rhapsody in tailored white, with a gay field-flower boutonniere

# Suited to the Occasion

DOLORES DEL RIO  
—who adorns this  
month's cover—is  
Hollywood's smartest  
example of "the tail-  
ored trend." Here  
are five reasons why

All photographs by Charles  
Rhodes, for MOVIE CLASSIC





Summer sunshine in Manhattan brings out the smart younger set in cool-looking frocks of simple lines . . . such as this many-buttoned cotton frock and jacketed rough crêpe outfit, which fit everyday needs and 1935 pocketbooks! (Macy's, New York)

# Accent on *Simplicity*

East, as well as West, this is the style note of the smart, practical (and comfortable) young moderns

Evening hours find this young Manhattanite in Everfast native print gown, with the new neckline and a velvet girdle. Youthful, inexpensive and chic! (Best's, New York)



Play hours find this year's smart girl in a linen shirt and culotte. (Bloomingdale's, New York)







Jean Fontaine (left), is cultivating that Hollywood pool-girl complexion, and the white at the top of her Jantzen suit—which is one-piece, as well as halter-style—presents a neat bit of contrast with her new suntan



Plenty of dots and plenty of dash—these are what Mona Maris has when she strolls down Malibu Beach in her novel Banda - Wikies. Halter-and-shorts are a new beach rage



Jean Parker's idea of luxurious lazing is to lie on a beach rug in a sunback swim suit. Hers is a BVD model, kingfisher blue, with braided strap trimming for color contrast



# The Suits Are Attractive, Too!



*Coburn  
Photo*

Maxine Jennings, RKO starlet (above), looks—and is—athletic in her one-piece halter-top suit. It is a popular Catalina model



*Exclusive Rhodes Photo*

No one but Raquel Torres can put Raquel in the shade when she dons a swim suit. One of her favorites is the new waffle-weave Jantzen model with square top and halter collar



*Walling  
Photo*

Wendy Barrie (right) favors a suit of yellow "krepe-tex" (a U. S. Rubber inspiration), with brown arrow accents on the shoulders





A \$25-a-week girl can have three summer prints, crisp and cool and washable . . . like Bette Davis' frock



A black dress with white accessories is an "indispensable" in any girl's wardrobe. Anita Louise's is crêpe



An evening gown in the height of style—such as Mary Astor's striped taffeta—is possible on this budget



What girl doesn't share Jean Muir's liking for sweaters and skirts? They add variety to any pert wardrobe!



Ann Dvorak's washable summer suit may have cost more than ten dollars. But that sum can buy a good one!

### All on \$6.50 a Week!

By following Orry-Kelly's budget (see story opposite), a \$25-a-week girl can have:

1 dressy suit	- - -	\$ 39.50
1 swagger suit	- - -	19.50
1 black crêpe dress	- - -	15.00
1 winter woolen dress	- - -	10.00
1 summer coat	- - -	15.00
3 summer wash dresses	- - -	18.00
1 washable summer suit	- - -	10.00
1 evening ensemble	- - -	19.00
5 hats	- - - - -	18.00
6 pairs of shoes	- - -	25.00
Hose	- - - - -	25.00
Gloves	- - - - -	7.50
Blouses, sweaters, skirt	- - -	25.00
Lingerie	- - - - -	20.00
Bags, accessories	- - -	20.00

\$286.50

And out of her \$338, she will have \$51.50 left for a winter coat and extra dresses!



# The \$25-a-Week Girl Can Dress Well, Too!

Orry-Kelly, famous Hollywood designer, gives a year's budget for the girl who has a small salary and wants a smart wardrobe!

BY JANET DARE

**"W**HETHER she earns twenty-five dollars or twenty-five hundred dollars a week, the American girl of today is the most smartly dressed girl in the world!"

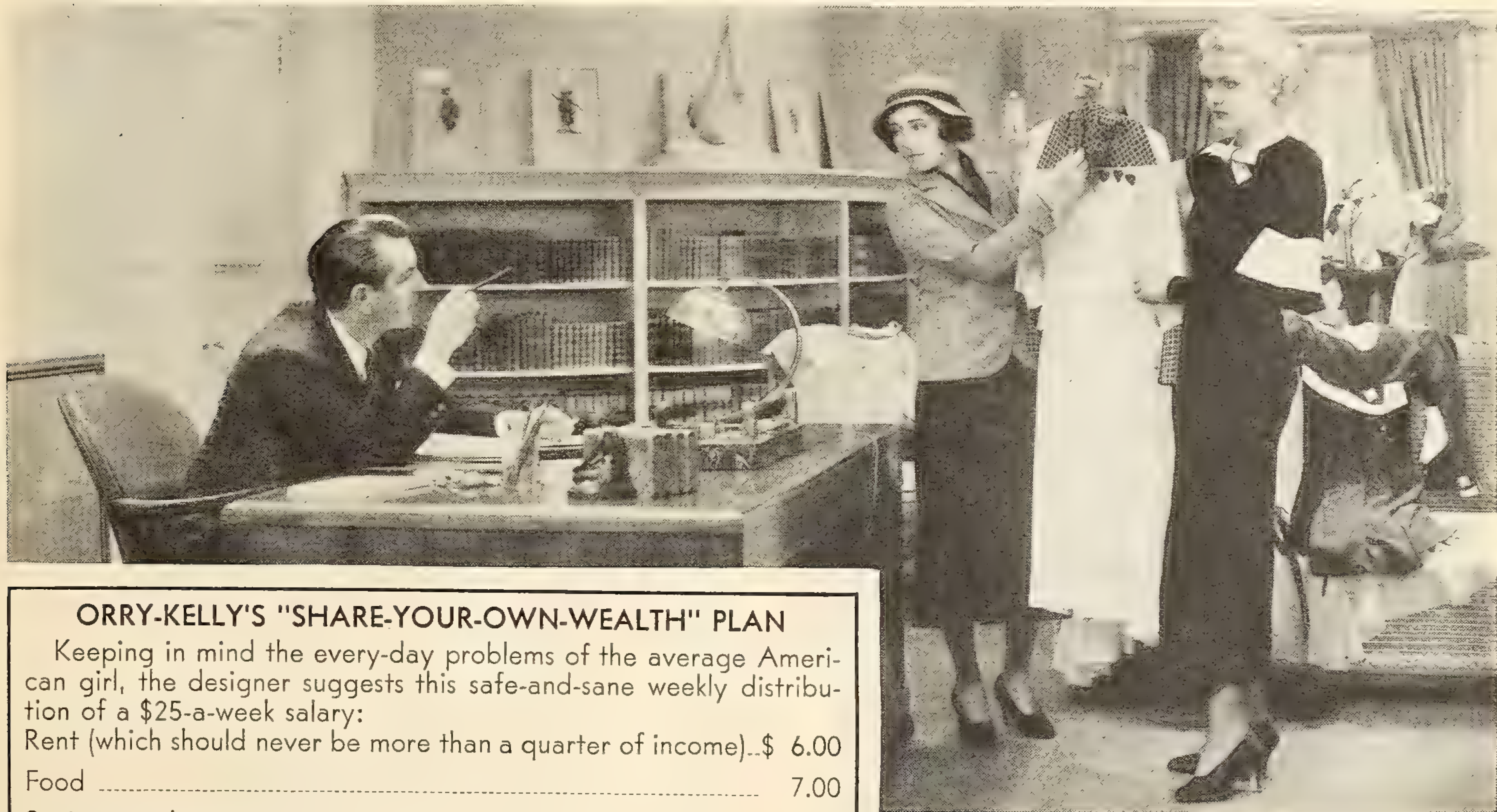
This, from Orry-Kelly, designer for Warner Brothers, and for some of the most famous stars in Hollywood! This, from the man who creates gowns for Kay Francis, noted as one of the country's best-dressed women; for glamorous Dolores Del Rio, with her exquisite wardrobe; for Bette Davis, whose film clothes are so perfect in detail; for Marion Davies, Mary Astor, Ann Dvorak, Glenda Farrell, Joan Blondell, and many newer stars whose feet are already firmly entrenched on the ladder of fame: Josephine Hutchinson, Jean Muir, Olivia de Havilland and others.

Perhaps, sometime, you have thought to yourself, "Of

course, I could look as lovely as the stars if only I had their money, or if I had some famous designer at hand to tell me just what to wear." So, with this thought in mind—on your behalf and on my own—I grasped this opportunity to have Orry-Kelly tell me just how he would plan your wardrobe and mine . . . not on some huge salary, but on a suppositious \$25-a-week salary.

"The movies have become the magic wand which brings daily to clever American girls the fashions that were created in Hollywood for the famous women who are their own types," Mr. Kelly began. "Motion pictures have made it possible for every modern woman, who appreciates the finest details in current styles, to keep right up to the minute—to know not only what is new, but also what is smart!

"Because American girls are [Continued on page 72]



## ORRY-KELLY'S "SHARE-YOUR-OWN-WEALTH" PLAN

Keeping in mind the every-day problems of the average American girl, the designer suggests this safe-and-sane weekly distribution of a \$25-a-week salary:

Rent (which should never be more than a quarter of income)...	\$ 6.00
Food .....	7.00
Savings and insurance.....	3.00
Miscellaneous (amusements, beauty aids, carfares, etc.)....	2.50
Clothes .....	6.50
Total .....	\$25.00

In the box on the opposite page, he suggests a distribution of the clothes budget money over a period of a year.

Above, Orry-Kelly—in his office at Warner Brothers Studio—gets the reaction of Ruby Keeler to the wardrobe he has designed for her latest picture



Joan Crawford (right) has a tan that millions of girls would like to have. And can have—if they go about it as sensibly as Joan does!

By

Alison Alden



# Be Beautiful

**M**ILLIONS of young women have copied the spectacular color of Jean Harlow's hair . . . Other millions have adopted long, fluttering eyelashes like Garbo's . . . How many women, from Brattleboro, Vermont, to Pocatello, Idaho, are letting their Katharine Hepburn bangs grow out? . . . And who can ever compute the number who have sacrificed

comfort to achieve a sun-tan like Joan Crawford's?

With the improved sun-tan oils and creams on the market today, there is no need to sacrifice either your comfort or the beauty of your skin to acquire a nice even tan. But a few years ago, before our sunburn preventives were perfected, many a smooth-textured skin was figuratively laid on the altar of the sun god . . .

Eager to toast themselves as quickly as possible, these too-eager admirers of the honey-colored Joan basked in the summer sun for *hours*, with far more valor than discretion. (Joan, after all, acquires *her* tan by easy stages.) It would not be so bad if we could report that the results of these other, inordinate sun baths were only temporarily beet-red faces and temporarily soured dispositions. Actually, however, the results were more far-reaching and destructive. Many skins carry the scars yet, for the burning rays of the sun have the power to coarsen the skin permanently.

Some skins have a sort of affinity for sunlight; they have a large supply of protective pigment, which rises to the surface at the first touch of the sun. Other skins, however, have a deficiency of pigment and so, instead of turning brown, they burn, freckle, become coarse and generally misbehave. The way to prevent this is to use a cream or an oil that will act as a screen to keep the burning rays of the sun from penetrating to the skin.

• AS in the case of most other toiletries, the success of this type of preparation depends on the method of application. If you do not use it faithfully *before* going to the beach, and if you do not renew it whenever you remain in the sun for a prolonged time, you are likely to be disappointed in results. But you should not get into the habit of spending whole days in the blazing summer sun, anyway. Not even the best of sun-tan preparations will keep your skin satin-smooth if you are "piggy" about sun-bathing.

Have you ever noticed the course and weather-



Before she takes a sun bath, Maxine Jennings wisely uses a protective sun-tan lotion, massaging it gently all over the exposed part of her body





Once, it wasn't easy to stay beautiful while tanning. But now it is. Movie stars like Joan Crawford know how. And so will you after reading this article!

## —and Tanned!

beaten skin of fishermen and farmers who are forced to spend their days in the sun? It helps to give a man a rugged look, but what woman in her senses wants to look rugged? We have come a long way, mercifully, from the day of the Victorian woman who was perpetually pale and swooning; but we shall never get beyond the day when a smooth, fresh skin is desirable in a woman!

One of the reasons some girls often give for failing to apply sunburn preventives is that they hate to go to the beach or golf course, encumbered with various bottles and jars. Apparently, they don't know that one of the best liquid sunburn creams on the market is put up in a smart, convenient beach kit of glazed white piqué with a navy blue handle and a snug zipper closure. Besides a full-size bottle of the sunburn cream, there is a large tube of emollient cream, ideal for sensitive skins that balk at too-rich preparations. Its softening qualities make it a grand antidote when, through carelessness, you have neglected to protect your skin with the sunburn cream and find it becoming red and irritated.

The sunburn cream may be used as a foundation under your make-up, if you like. Some prefer the shiny film left by oils, but for those who cannot bear to look oily, this sunburn preparation is the answer. If you would rather have this cream in solid than liquid form, your wish can be granted. It now comes in tubes as well as bottles. The price of the kit is only \$2 and the sunburn cream alone retails for \$1 a bottle or tube. There is room in the kit, by the way, for your sun glasses and lipstick. (I shall be glad, on request, to supply the trade name of this treasure.)

Face powder should be of a richer, warmer color with more than a *soupcou* of beige and dusky pink, and your lipstick should be warmly red, verging toward yellow-red or true red, rather than purplish raspberry. Even though you do not tan deeply, your skin naturally takes on a warmth in summer that it does not have in winter; and unless you attempt to match [Continued on page 59]



After a sun bath or swim, Maxine Jennings applies a rich tissue cream on her face and throat to counteract "squinting" and expression lines

● EVERY girl knows that she cannot successfully wear the same shades of face powder and rouge in the summer that she wears at other seasons; but there still seems to be a good bit of indecision among my readers as to what constitutes the smartest and most becoming summer make-up shades. So, to end the indecision:





# Summer-ize Your Surroundings!

Live like a movie star! And why not? The stars' summer homes have more clever than costly touches!

BY MARIANNE MERCER

**E**VERY feminine soul at some time or other gets that sudden urge to let fancy run free in "dressing up" a house just to see how cleverly a little place can be fixed without putting permanent strain on the pocketbook.

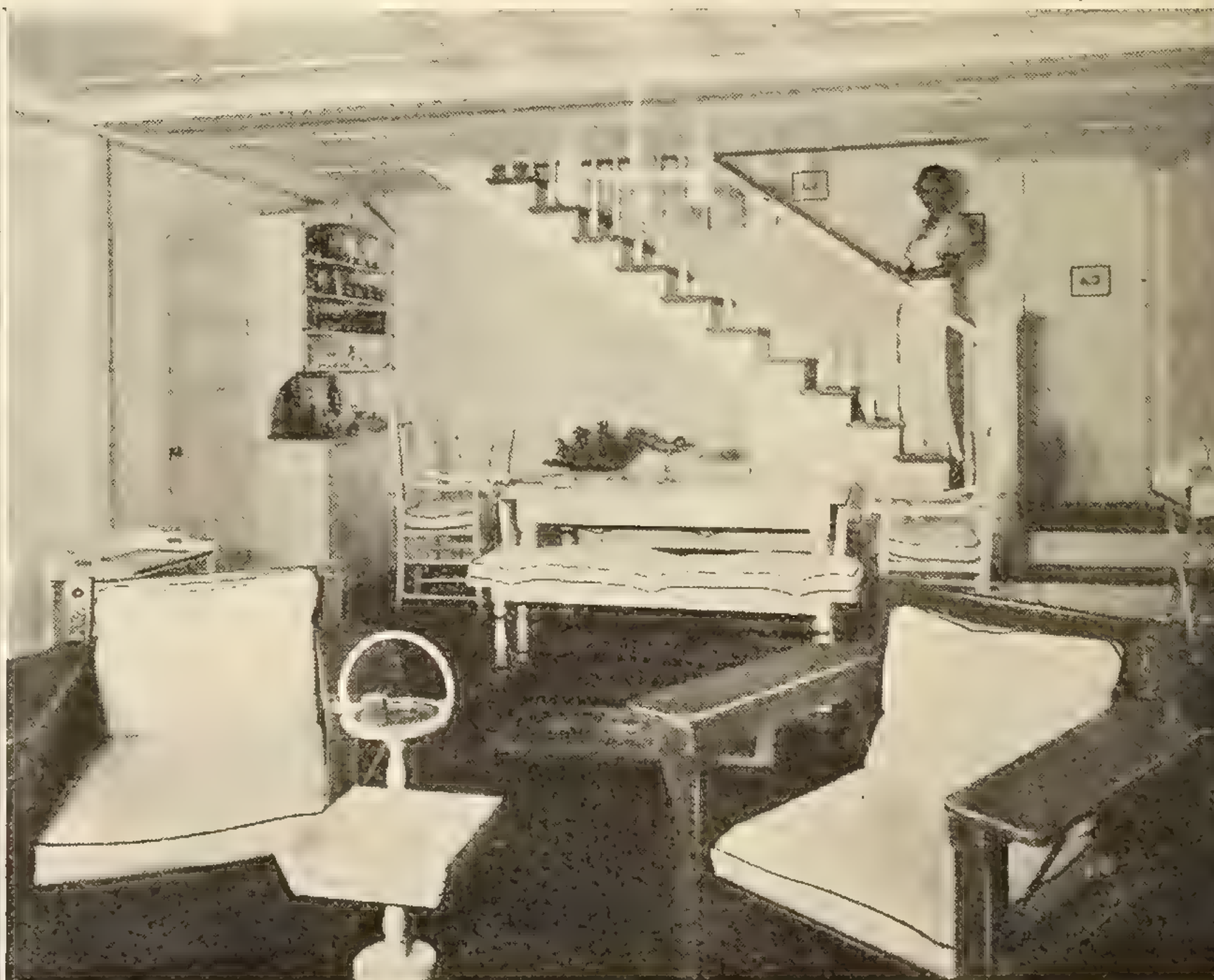
There is one satisfactory solution: Summer-ized surroundings!

Janet Gaynor has a beach home now—and ideas about feminizing it!

In a cottage at a beach, for example, you can give vent to all the inner longings of your soul. Perhaps for years you have craved a red-and-white kitchen or a bright yellow den—the sort of things you feel you would



Joan Bennett let her fancy run free in the living-dining room of her Malibu Beach home. This is the living room end—star-spangled and all done in blue and white



And this is the dining room end—also in blue and white. So cleverly has everything been planned that the one large room gives the effect of two separate rooms





Warner Baxter wanted rusticity; so did Mrs. Baxter—but she thought of the comfort angle, too. So they have beamed ceilings, an open hearth, AND chintz drapes and deep-cushioned chairs

What woman doesn't crave a summer home that has smart simplicity? This one is a model. It would be a snug harbor on any shore. And it was planned by a man—actor Norman Foster

never dare inflict on a trusting family in the old homestead. But for a holiday house—that's something else again.

What would seem utterly mad in city or town becomes charming at the shore. You might want an entire white-and-blue home, for example, with a star-spangled living room! Joan Bennett always did—and now it really exists.

She used to dream of just such a place, for when she was a very small girl she spent most of her time in a nursery that had a blue ceiling with stars shining at her. Ever since, it has stood to her for peace and security and the unmarred happiness of childhood. So today Joan spends the warm months at Malibu Beach in a starry world all her own!

The white washable rep curtains in the living room are dotted with blue stars, big and small. Stars form the tie-backs for them and also brackets for the wall lights. The whole room and most of the furniture—even the radio and the brick fireplace—are painted a cloud-white. Wicker chairs and couches play an important part in the airy comfort of the place, and one of the big features is the clever incorporation of the dining room with the living room.

It conserves space—and money, too—to have one long room like Joan's, with a fireplace at one end and a stairway at the other. The alcove under the stairs really serves as a dinette with a built-in cupboard for the china and glassware.

● FLOORING is always a problem at the beach, with people tracking in sand and water. Joan solves this difficulty by using linoleum patterned in a well known carpet design. It not only makes a lasting, but a very attractive

and inexpensive floor. Moreover, it is cool-looking, and the simplest thing in the world to keep clean.

A big roomy couch that can readily be transformed into an extra guest bed is an essential part of any summer home. Joan has hers in a glassed-in sun porch. The couch, with many pillows, is covered with a water-wave material in keeping with the nautical touches of a ship's lantern hung above, and with a tile plaque of a schooner.

The youngest Bennett is a wise little housekeeper. She knows the advantage of a cool kitchen, and she has had another small sun-porch built onto it. This one is made into a breakfast nook with seats upholstered in washable white leather. The table cloth is disguised white oilcloth trimmed in blue that you can keep fresh-looking all summer with a minimum of work and no expense.

And speaking of kitchens—if you are renting a summer cottage for your vacation, take along a portable electric stove. Take the kind that not only roasts meat, but bakes pies without getting the atmosphere too hot. It will be the biggest boon of your vacation, because even in the swankiest of rented cottages, stoves have a way of smoking and giving off volumes of heat.

● JANET GAYNOR took one along last year—with tremendous success. She and her mother, and their pal, Margaret Lindsay, love to “play around” with cooking, you know. Janet's muffins still are a little sad, she says, but you should taste her *chili con carne*!

This year, however, everything is simplified. She has bought a completely equipped beach home at Playa del Rey, a mere twenty minute's run



A woman with a would-be carpenter about the house can get ideas from Douglass Montgomery's home. For instance, his novel night-table and bed-on-rockers

from the Fox Studio in Fox Hills.

One of the few changes Janet has made in the already charming house is in the bedroom she has taken for herself. It has been done over in yellow and green, with a green rag rug on the floor with a tulip design, yellow organdy curtains, and a flounced bedspread of white organdy used over a white slip. A spirit-lifting combination, that!

Another achievement is Janet's “hick-y-a” [Continued on page 80]





Adrienne Ames isn't troubled by "calory-itis"

# Sensible Slenderizing

by

ADRIENNE AMES

... who describes a diet that stays within the bounds of reason, lasts just seven days, and acts as a tonic

*Has Hollywood actually said "Farewell to Diets," as MOVIE CLASSIC intimated two months ago? We have been bombarded with this inquiry from readers.*

*We should have been more explicit, perhaps. We should have made it clear that we meant drastic diets. The stars have said farewell to those, except in drastic cases and under doctors' orders and supervision.*

*But a little "sensible slenderizing" does no figure any harm—and can benefit a girl immensely, from the standpoint of both health and beauty. So says Adrienne Ames, who glorifies CLASSIC's Fashion Parade page this month. She can speak from experience.—Editor.*

**W**HILE I, personally, am troubled very little with "calory-itis," I do go on a seven-day diet frequently—not only to maintain measurements, but for my health.

The health angle is the important angle with me. I get enough exercise not to have to worry about a few extra pounds.

This diet rests the stomach, cleanses the system of all poisons, and gives the complexion a transparent, creamy texture, smoothing away all blemishes. I call it my "tonic," because I feel so alive after seven days of it.

At seven in the morning, I sip a glass of hot water and lemon juice. (I can't "sleep in" when dieting.)

Then I do a series of exercises—just the usual limbering and stretching exercises that all of us were taught in school.

At eight, I take a large glass of orange juice, coffee, and stewed or fresh fruit.

By ten, after an active morning, I find that I enjoy a glass of cold water with the juice of a lemon. This sour juice seems to conquer hunger and is refreshing.

At eleven, I have fruit—usually grapefruit. (But this is only my personal preference.)

At noon, I have a cup of broth or a glass of tomato juice, a huge salad—or cooked vegetables (if I want a hot meal)—and a fruit cup.

At three, I have some more fruit, or tomato juice; at four, a cup of tea; and, at five, more fruit or a glass of orange juice.

For dinner, I have two cups of broth, two vegetables (of which I eat all I wish), and a dish of raw vegetables such as lettuce, cabbage, radishes, celery, onions, watercress, carrots, et cetera. For dessert, I have fruit.

Now, have you discovered the secret of the success of this diet—the explanation for its tonic effect? The reason why it is both thinning and beautifying—and "sensible," as well—is the fact that it contains no food which forms acid in the system. Among other things, it does away with bread, butter, potatoes and pastry.

**I** FOLLOW this diet religiously for seven days, after which time I eat my usual meals, watching the scales, however, and always leaving the table feeling as if "just one little extra helping" would have set me right with the world. My normal diet consists of lean meats, broiled or roasted chicken, all vegetables and salads, skimmed milk, black coffee, and quantities of fruit. I abstain from bread, pastries, and starches in general.

The broth that is such an important factor in my "tonic" seven-day diet is made from vegetables.

The ingredients are eight and one-half ounces of carrots, four ounces of potatoes, three and one-half ounces of turnips, two to three ounces of small white onions, two-thirds ounce of dried white beans, two-thirds ounce of split peas, two-thirds ounce of lentils . . . salt to taste . . . and four quarts of water.

Let this mixture simmer from three and a half to four hours. Then pour off the liquid, which will be enough for several servings.

I have benefited immensely, myself, from this short and simple diet—and if you also should try it, and adhere to it faithfully, I know you would be amazed at the results. Just summon the old will power and get to work!



**"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE—  
I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"**



**Romance comes  
to the girl who guards  
against COSMETIC SKIN**

**S**MOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and keeps it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

***Cosmetics Harmless if  
removed this way***

It is when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps—that are signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather goes *deep* into the pores, gently removes every trace of dust, dirt,

stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap ALWAYS before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



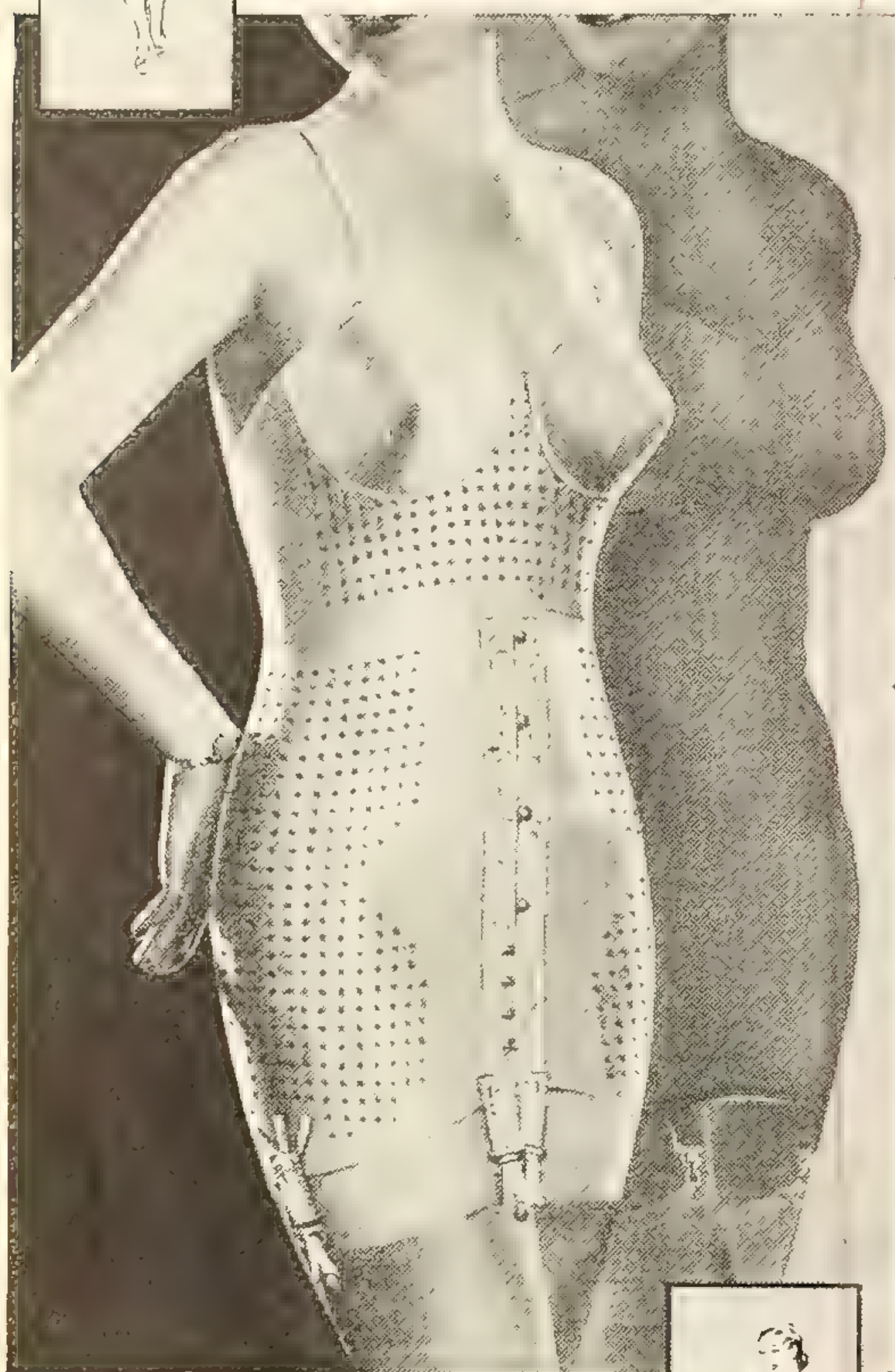
USE ROUGE AND POWDER?  
YES, OF COURSE! BUT  
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET  
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT  
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

**JOAN  
BENNETT**





**"DOUBLE-QUICK"  
REDUCTION**  
During the  
**SUMMERTIME**



**REDUCE**  
**YOUR WAIST and HIPS**  
**3 INCHES in 10 DAYS**  
with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**  
...or it will cost you nothing!



"**I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES,**"  
...writes Miss Healy..."I reduced from 43  
inches to 34½ inches"...writes Miss Brian...  
"Massages like magic"...writes Miss Carroll  
..."The fat seems to have melted away"...  
says Mrs. McSorley.

■ So many of our customers are delighted  
with the wonderful results obtained with  
this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle  
and Uplift Brassiere that we want you to  
try them for 10 days at our expense!

**Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!**

■ Worn next to the body with perfect  
safety, the tiny perforations permit the  
skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like  
action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with  
every movement...stimulating the body  
once more into energetic health!

**Don't Wait Any Longer...Act Today!**

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and  
definitely in 10 days whether or not this very  
efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce  
your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!**  
You do not need to risk one penny...try  
them for 10 days...at no cost!

**SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

**PERFOLASTIC, Inc.**

Dept. 78, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.  
Please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and  
illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift  
Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and  
particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

## Claudette Colbert's New Code of Living

[Continued from page 29]

went through the laborious grind of learning form and design and color technique. Recently, one of her old classmates remarked that Lily—she was Lily Chauchoin in those days—had more talent than the rest of the class put together. Everyone—even the dress-designing houses with which she marketed her sketches—thought so. And if they had not tried to take advantage of her inexperience; if they had paid her the usual fifty dollars per drawing, instead of the two dollars they did give her, *there would have been no Claudette Colbert!* The stage, and subsequently the movies, never would have claimed her.

But Fate wouldn't let her furnish her own climax. *It had to set the scene...*

**T**HE little flat on Fifty-Third Street was fairly bursting with her enthusiasm the night that Madame Burani, her former music teacher, called to say that she had mentioned Claudette's name to producer Brock Pemberton for the lead in a forthcoming Broadway play, *The Marionette Man*. The lead, mind you, and Claudette had spoken only three lines on the professional stage. But she accepted Fate's challenge. With head high, she sailed into Pemberton's office the next morning for an interview he has never forgotten.

"Possibly you know something about *The Marionette Man* already," he suggested. "The feminine lead is an Italian girl—very colorful, very spirited. As far as looks are concerned, you would be suitable. But—ah—what experience have you had?"

"My dear Mr. Pemberton, I've been on the stage for—let's see—why, almost since I can remember! In France, you know. As a matter of fact, I come of a theatrical family that dates back to Charlemagne!"

"*Theatrical family.*" Shades of Grandpa Chauchoin, who rather thought the devil lurked behind the footlights! But Claudette had the surprising bravado of the very young and the very, very scared. There was no stopping her now.

"Indeed?" remarked Pemberton. "Exactly what kind of repertoire have you appeared in? Modern plays, perhaps a few of Molière's comedies?"

"Oh, yes, *of course!*" from Claudette. "And we did Shakespeare..."

"Um—so? I've always understood Shakespeare was somewhat unconquerable in French!"

"Well," little Miss Colbert assured him, "*we* conquered him!"

And Brock Pemberton signed her up. Weeks of rehearsal followed, after which came the thrill of opening before a select audience in Washington, D.C.

... And then Fate caught up with her. The reviews were terrible. One of them said, without preamble, that the play was bad enough, but Claudette Colbert was worse! And seven months later the same critic was wearing out superlatives on his typewriter in a rave about one Miss Colbert and her work in *Kiss in the Taxi*.

But at the time Claudette was broken-hearted. She thought her career had died a-borning and it was then that that terrific sense of struggle came over her from which she is only now released.

"**"STRANGELY** enough," she said to me, "it all fits in with a prophecy that was made to me that time I went around the world. I've never mentioned it before. I never expected to because—well, I don't believe in such things ordinarily. But this *is* queer..."

"You see, we were traveling on a tramp freighter that touched at out-of-the-way ports, or we wouldn't have seen this part of China. It was old China, well off the beaten track and steeped in tradition. A French painter living there told us about a remarkable place called the Valley of the Dragons. There was a Taoist monastery above it, filled with priceless antiques. The Taoist order, he explained, has existed since the time of Confucius and, according to legend, they have a peculiar kind of knowledge hidden from most of mankind.

"Well, after walking miles through the eerie silence of that valley and climbing the mountain to the monastery, all I hoped was that the monks knew how to make tea! And they did. They brought in the most wonderful tea I've ever tasted—made of *fresh* green leaves. I tried to buy some to bring back with me, but they said it couldn't be sold. It was called 'the tea of life,' and whether it was my imagination or not, I don't know, but after I drank it all my tiredness left me. One of the monks told me that the leaves formed the symbol of my destiny. 'You must,' he said, 'go from east to west to seek it.' (I had been making pictures in New York before I left and I had no idea I would come to California.)

"'Be patient for two years,' he continued. 'Then you will enter into the real sphere that is yours... A flaw in a mace of white jade may be ground away, but one cannot grind away what is written. You will have fame. You will be recognized on three continents. But you will not find peace until you stop pulling against the tide of life...'

"That's it, you see. I have 'stopped pulling' now. And I *have* found peace! It's marvelous to be so relaxed—and, being relaxed, able to do much better work."

Watch for the first magazine photograph of Claudette Colbert in natural colors—which will appear on the cover of September **MOVIE CLASSIC!**

Movie Classic for August, 1935



## Be Beautiful—and Tanned!

[Continued from page 53]

this increased warmth, you will look pasty and "powdered."

If you have had trouble with suntan powders that streak, you will be relieved to hear that one of the very swankiest face powders is being brought out in a dusky, pink-beige shade that does not streak or turn an unpleasant ochre in tone. The new price of this powder is \$1.25, which makes it more than a bargain. I have spent \$2.75, many a time, for this same brand of powder because of its heavenly perfume and its lovely texture; and I am delighted to find that it is reduced in price. . . . It comes in an attractive round box, with a gold design on a dark background. Want the name?

When you find a lipstick that is indelible and also unchangeable in color tone, that's news! And when, in addition, the color is rich, glowing and brilliant, that news deserves an "Extra"! I have discovered all of these admirable qualities in a new shade of lipstick and I take a great deal of pleasure in telling you about it. Four other shades of this lipstick have been on toiletry counters for about two years, but the fifth one has been out for only two or three months. It really is a triumph of cosmetic chemistry, both for its permanence and its failure to turn purple on the lips. . . . The price of this lipstick, which comes in an engraved silvery case, is only \$1. There's a matching cream cheek rouge at 75 cents. Would you like the name?

SOME of us with very neat figures and a love of swimming refuse to appear in bathing suits because of birthmarks or scars that our street clothes conceal. Much more common than might be supposed, this state of affairs can be prevented by the use of a flexible cream make-up that very cleverly covers the offending blemishes. This make-up will not crack when on the skin and it is definitely waterproof, if it is not rubbed while wet.

I have heard dermatologists all over the country vouch for the harmlessness of this preparation and tell amazingly poignant stories of how it has reconstructed life for many of their patients, disfigured by scars from burns, accidents or skin diseases. . . . It comes in a variety of colors, to match all skin tones, and is applied with a brush. Before purchasing a bottle (which costs \$3), you should write to the manufacturer asking for the color chart showing samples of the six shades (including suntan) in which the cream is available. Then you can match your own skin perfectly. I shall be glad to give you the address.

You are running a terrific risk to do without a deodorant at any time, but it gives you the seal of social disfavor when you omit it even occasionally during warm weather. Frankly, you might

[Continued on page 61]

**It's time for Pabst.**

*When in Milwaukee, visit the famous Pabst Breweries. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst Blue Ribbon quality.*



When he gets home—from golf, or the baseball game—or work—give him a real Blue Ribbon welcome.

Serve the most refreshing hot weather beverages—good Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale. There's nothing better as a thirst-quencher—nothing better to smooth away the cares of the day. Serve Pabst Blue Ribbon with his meals—it will make his favorite dish taste better.

The dealer who displays the Pabst Blue Ribbon sign will be pleased to keep your refrigerator stocked with Pabst—the brew guaranteed by a more than ninety-year reputation. Phone him now—for a case of safe, cool, refreshing Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale.

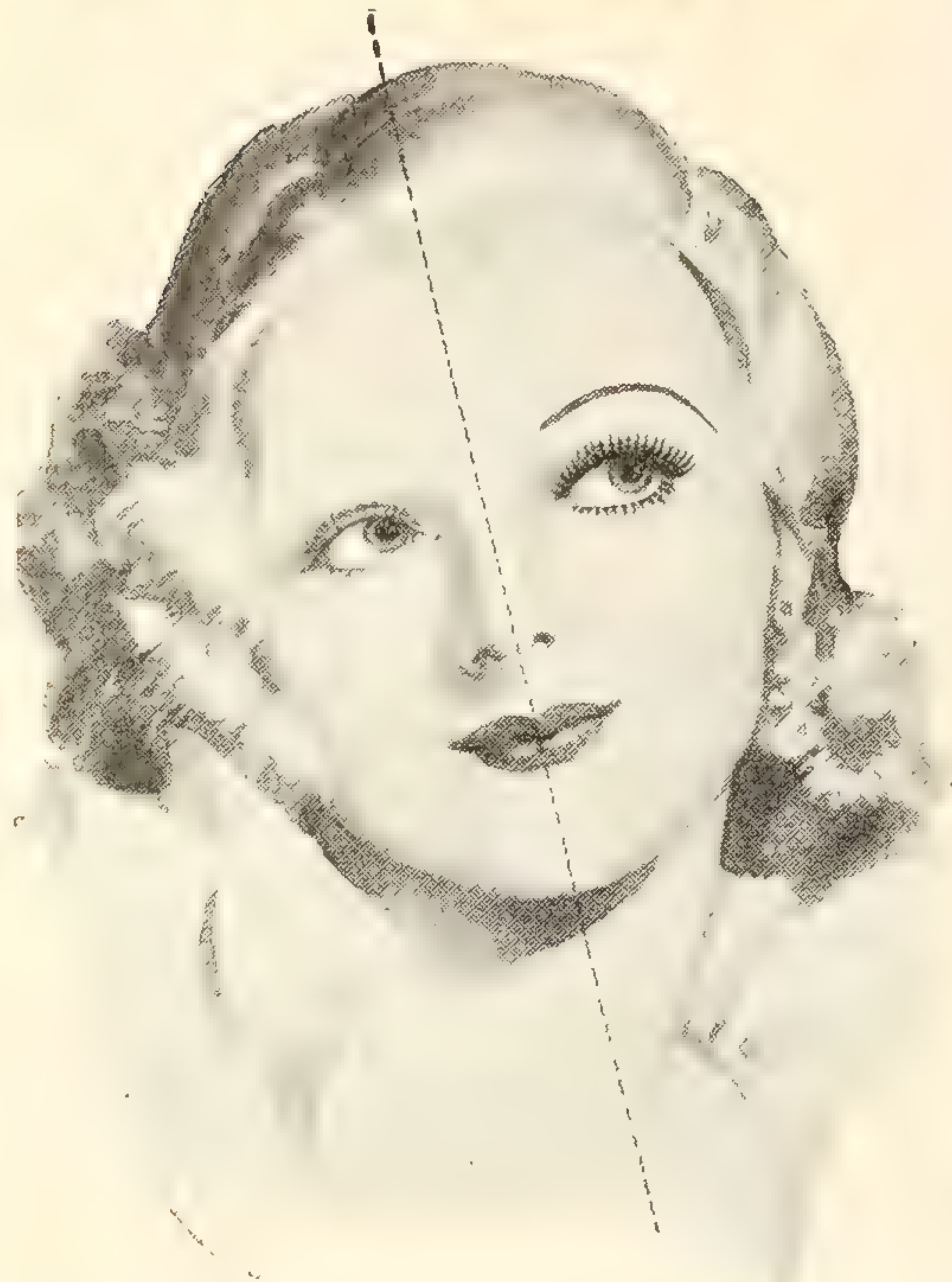
**Pabst  
Blue Ribbon  
Beer and Ale**



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# WHAT A DIFFERENCE!



## what a truly amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids do make

**D**O you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.

To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream before retiring.

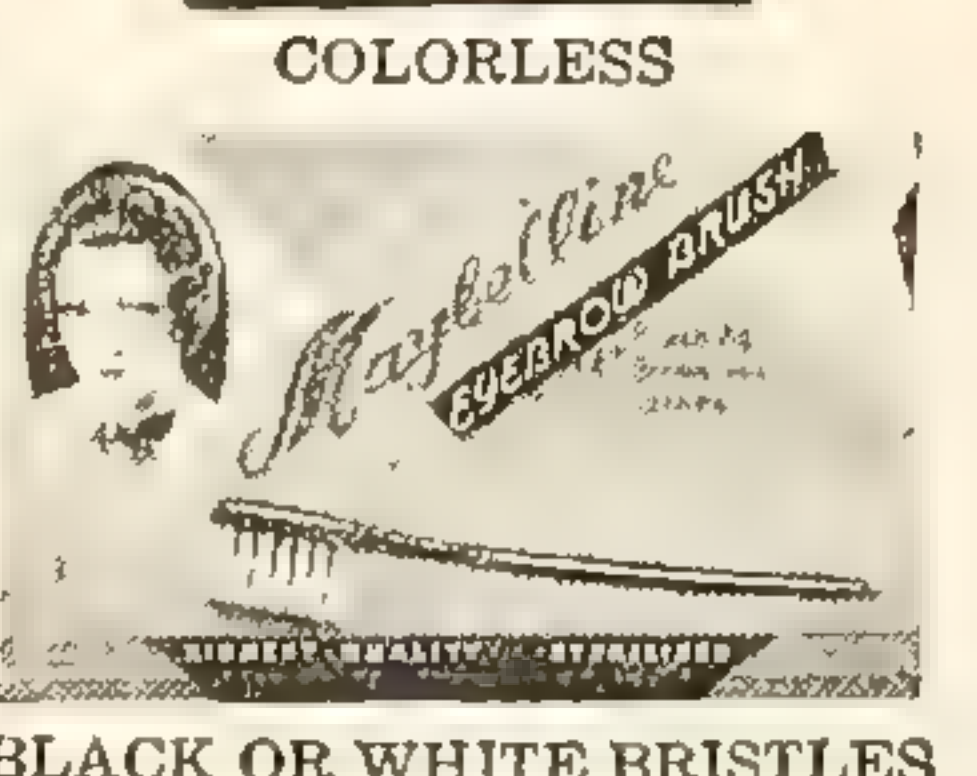
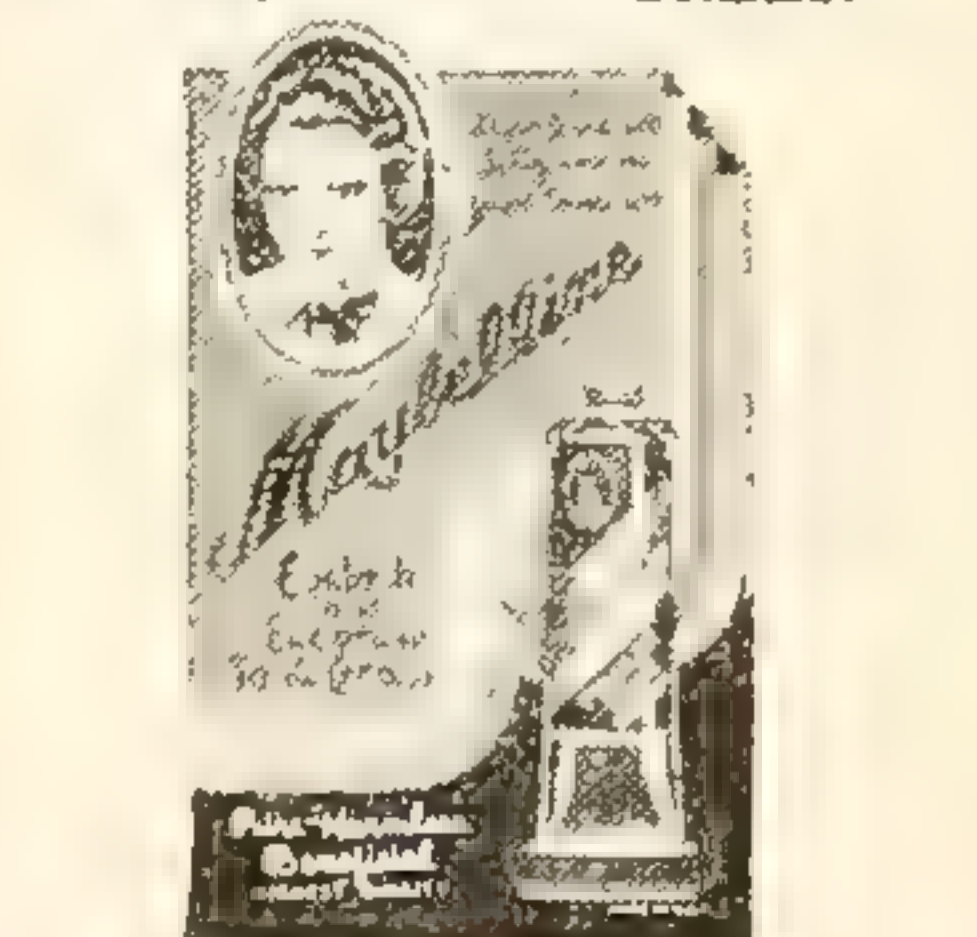
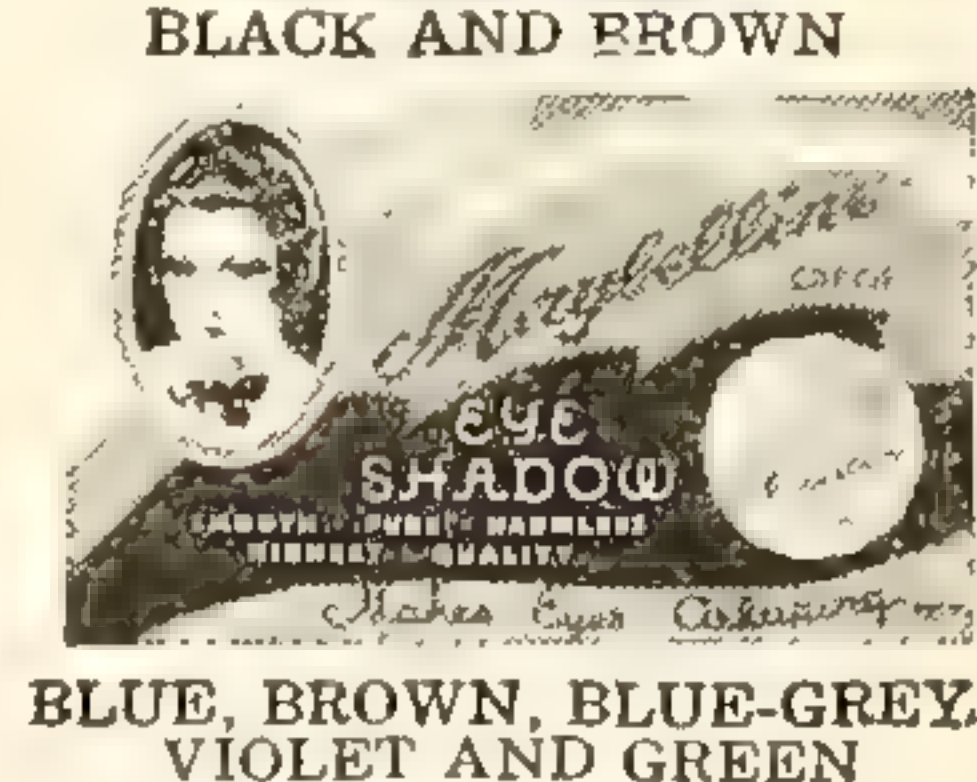
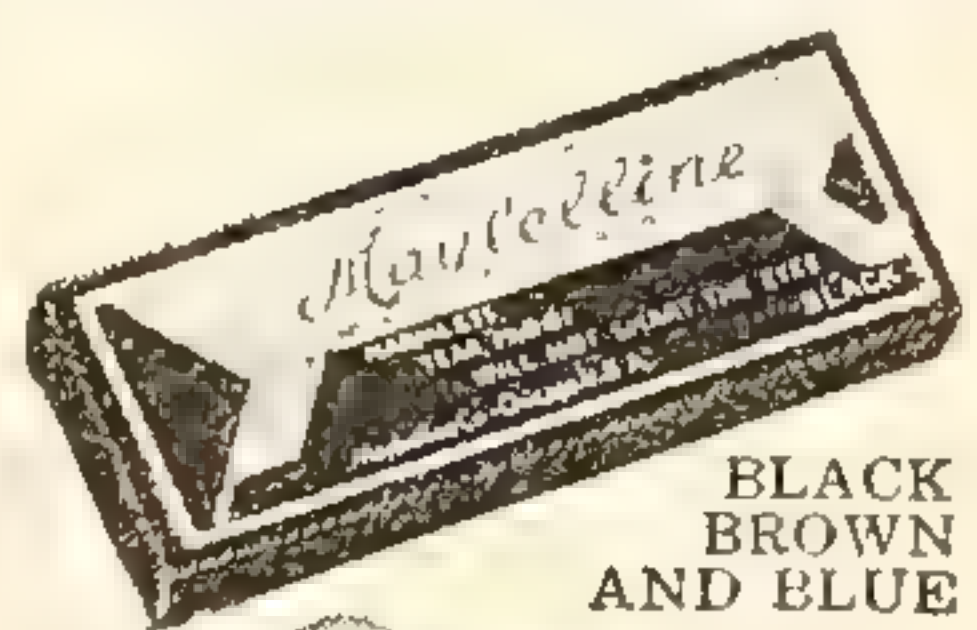
The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.



All Maybelline Preparations  
bear the seal of approval

# Maybelline

## EYE BEAUTY AIDS



## Ann Sothern's Advice to Young Moderns

[Continued from page 24]

had to have something besides contacts. Those alone didn't keep me in pictures. A few friends can open the way for you, but after one or two false starts on the screen, all the friends in the world couldn't help you.

**"TO BE** utterly frank, the primary quality any girl needs is beauty. By that I mean only features that are not hard to look at. A winning personality and a talent for going persistently after what she wants are necessary, too.

"We can't all be actresses. I'd suggest that the girl who wants a career should discuss her capabilities with someone older and wiser who knows her well. Some people can spend an entire lifetime striving to do a particular job, only to find out too late that they were infinitely better suited to something else.

"Every girl has to take an inventory of her talents. If she likes drawing or dress designing, she should study one or the other thoroughly. Later she may turn purposely to another occupation to which she becomes better suited. She may find her life's work in some field that she never expected to enter. The one thing any girl should not do if she expects any sort of career is to stand still. There aren't any real vacations for the ambitious."

Ann Sothern has never "stood still," on or off the screen. A lull between pictures finds her continuing her voice study, rehearsing her dancing and preparing herself for the constantly changing demands of screen work.

"There is no such thing as an actress resting on her laurels," she says. "Those who are at the top in their profession often work every bit as hard as those on the way up. The 'dance cycle' started by Fred Astaire has made it almost imperative for an actress to know a thing or two about dancing, but that will pass in a year or so. Then some new trend—color, for instance—will create new problems for even the veteran actress.

**"THE** ever-changing requirements make progress more and more difficult for any girl who seeks a career in movies. The ability to dance well will always be an asset, but I wouldn't advise anyone to concentrate completely on this one talent. For, by the time that she achieves some degree of superiority, she may find that her concentration on dancing has deprived her of that one big chance to succeed.

"Every girl, I believe, must have a good general education—including, if possible, a speaking knowledge of one or two foreign languages. She can't afford to neglect her social life, since

any actress must be well acquainted with human behavior in general. No girl should be a drudge. She should play as hard as she works. She should learn to swim well, to play golf or tennis, to ride, fly an airplane, or to do anything that will give her confidence, courage and good health.

"I'm afraid this all sounds a little 'know-it-all,' but naturally I don't intend it that way. As a matter of fact, I'll confess that I've had a pretty bad inferiority complex to fight. And, having mastered it to some extent, my experience may be worth something to girls who are starting out as I did a few years ago.

"I had to force myself to do certain things and perhaps that very strong effort that I made, because of the fear that I wouldn't succeed, helped me to accomplish something. Those who can do things easily sometimes lose out to others who do a much better job because they had to try harder. To be afraid of a job may be the one thing that will drive you eventually to do it very well. I'd advise any girl not to give up because of an inferiority complex. Instead, she should be glad to have one to worry about a little.

**"THE** inclination never to be completely satisfied with a story probably brings success to a good many writers. The artist who growls about his latest painting while others applaud it certainly has a better chance to succeed than one who pats himself on the back for having done a masterpiece. Similarly, every sincere actress hopes to make her next rôle better than her last."

Ann reached for another piece of chocolate—her fourth.

"There is one thing I have forgotten," Ann resumed. "I notice many girls outside the profession making themselves up to look like actresses whom they admire. It doesn't pay. A girl may be the Joan Crawford type, but she shouldn't forget her own individuality. Each girl should be able to say to herself—'There's no one else quite like me. I'm just a little different.'"

"You know, of course, that in millions of fingerprints no two are exactly alike. So it is with people. Each of us has a distinctly individual personality, although at first glance, some of us may not stand out particularly from the crowd. Any girl who can develop this individuality of hers, so that it appeals to those around her, has won half the battle for success."

Summed up, Ann Sothern's advice consists of the rules she has thought out and adopted for her own career. There is one little matter that she did overlook, however. Girls with a positive passion for chocolate must diet, and with a sheepish look she admitted to me that it was so.



## Be Beautiful—and Tanned!

[Continued from page 59]

just as well throw away all your cosmetics and that cute new hat and dress, if you make a practice of forgetting to use an antiperspirant! There is nothing repulsive in wearing last year's hat, but there is something revolting about a girl who is not meticulously dainty.

Doctors all agree that the use of a reliable antiperspirant on the underarm area is beneficial, rather than harmful, since this area, unless kept clean and fresh, provides a likely place for infection. There is a very fine antiperspirant on the market that not only deodorizes, but checks perspiration locally. An amber-colored fluid in a smart-looking bottle with an applicator top, this antiperspirant affords varying degrees of protection, depending on the way you apply it.

One method insures seventy-two hours' immunity; another, forty-eight hours; and a third, twenty-four hours' relief from perspiration annoyances. It sells for fifty cents. I shall be glad to furnish the manufacturer's name.

I RECEIVE hundreds of letters from girls who long to wear tennis shorts and bathing suits, but cannot do so because of a growth of superfluous hair on their legs; and I feel genuinely sorry for them, even when they confess that they have encouraged the growth by shaving it off frequently. There is a stigma of masculinity attached to superfluous hair that is hard to endure, but there is no need to be tragic about it, considering the mild and effective depilatories that are available.

One that I have used frequently is a snowy powder, which is mixed with water to form a paste. The application is simplicity itself. The only rule is this: that you apply the paste on the superfluous hair and then remove it within five minutes. It should be removed from sensitive skin in three minutes. Do not, of course, apply *any* depilatory on an open cut or pimple.

If you will use a good depilatory regularly and patiently, just as you shampoo your hair and brush your teeth, you will be able to conquer the superfluous hair ogre. The depilatory to which I have referred costs only fifty cents a bottle.

What are your summer beauty problems? Alison Alden will help you solve them. Also, as she has told you, she will be glad to send you, on request, the trade name of any of the beauty aids she has described in this article. Address Alison Alden, Beauty Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your answer.



Posed by professional model

**MEN  
WOULDN'T  
LOOK AT ME  
WHEN I WAS  
SKINNY**

**but...**

**Since I Gained 10 Pounds  
This New, Easy Way  
I Have All the Dates I Want**

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and friendless, even if you never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh, enticing curves—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Skin clears to beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

### Results guaranteed

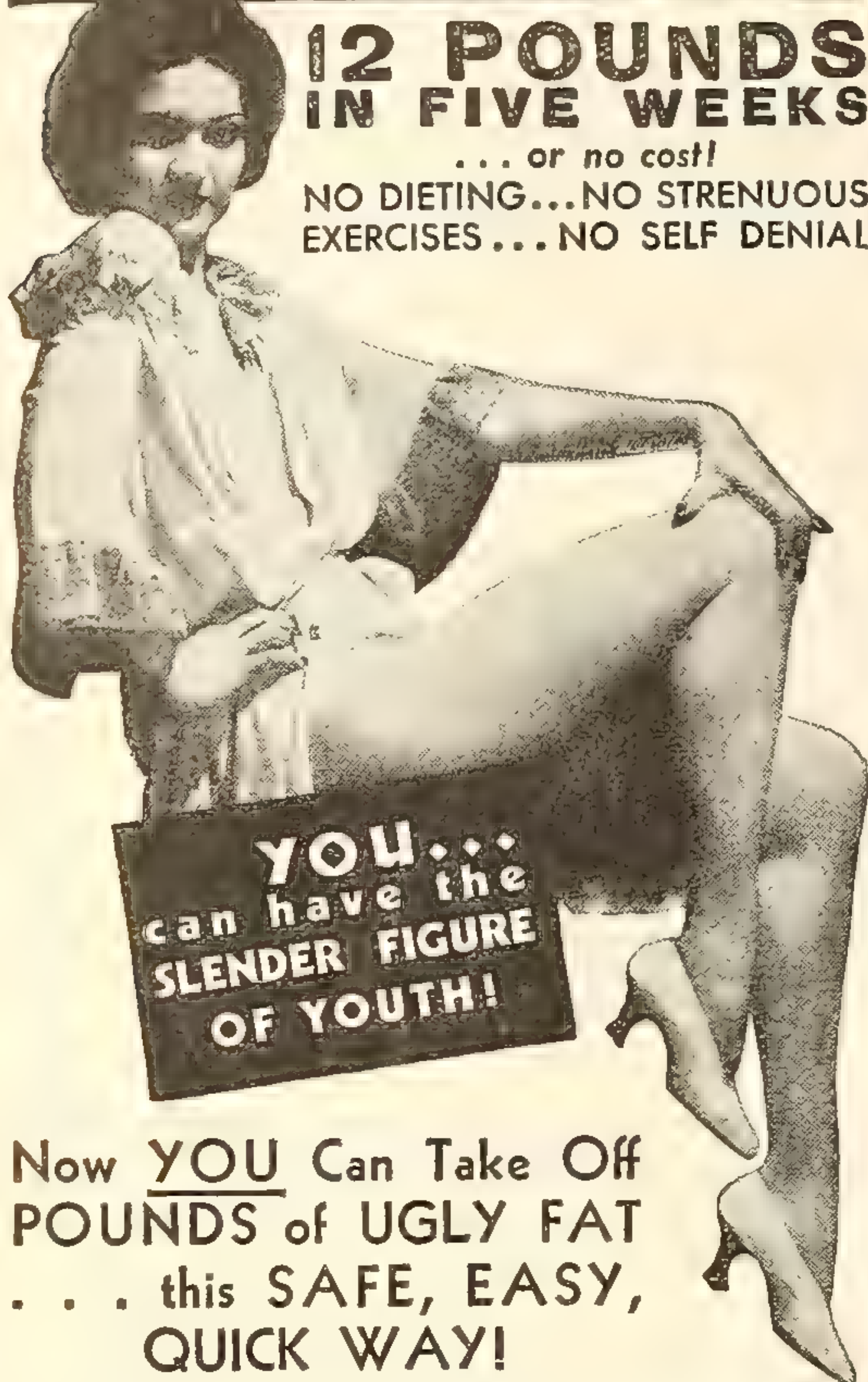
No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 288, Atlanta, Ga.



# GUARANTEED WEIGHT REDUCTION



**12 POUNDS  
IN FIVE WEEKS**

... or no cost!  
**NO DIETING...NO STRENUOUS  
EXERCISES...NO SELF DENIAL**

Now **YOU** Can Take Off  
**POUNDS** of UGLY FAT  
... this **SAFE, EASY,  
QUICK WAY!**

**S**OUNDS too good to be true? Yet it is true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

**YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND  
AS MUCH AS YOU WANT**

There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.

**THE DILEX-REDUSOL WAY IS THE SAFE WAY!**

Beware of products claiming more rapid reduction, physicians agree that 15 pounds a month is the limit of safety. And, do not accept any substitute for **SAFE** Dilex-Redusols—the harmless capsules which reduce fat by increasing metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredient. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

**READ HOW A SECRETARY OF STATE  
REDUCED 18 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS**



**THE DILEX INSTITUTE**  
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## "Success Is My Revenge," Says Bette Davis

[Continued from page 25]

horror. 'Bette wants to go on the stage!' It was foolish and unthinkable—the ridiculous aspiration of a girl in her teens. All my family was like that about it. Except Mother. She—bless her heart—was all for it. In fact, she opened a decorator's shop, so that she could earn money with which to send me to a dramatic school. Not only did the rest of the family think that I was crazy, but they were certain that Mother—or Ruth, as they called her—was completely mad.

"Poor Ruth! What a thankless thing she is doing!" I can still remember them saying that, shaking their heads over a poor lost soul. That, more than anything else in the world, angered me. That criticism of my mother gave me, more than anything else in the world, a desire to succeed. I'd make them take it all back—plenty.

"**M**ANY a time I was told to my face, by people who were supposed to know, that I would never be a successful actress. Well-meaning friends told me—prefacing their remarks with, 'It's only because we're fond of you, Bette, that we hate to see you wasting your time.' It was for my own good, they told me. If I had been a startling beauty, or had had a flair for the dramatic, that would have been different. But what did I expect to give to the stage, what could I expect to get out of it!

"Well, what they said was for my own good, but not in the way these people intended. It was for my own good, because each criticism made me grit my teeth. And I thought: 'I'll show you, my friends! I'll make you eat your words!'

"Every time that somebody told me I was lousy—excuse me, but it's one of my favorite words—I became more determined to succeed. If you want to be a successful actress, I can't wish anything better for you than that you know a lot of people who will tell you that you'll never get any place! What human doesn't enjoy showing critics where they were wrong—getting the revenge of success?

"Perhaps I have had more inspiration for revenge than some other people out here in Hollywood. As a small girl, I was more often *disliked*, than liked. I remember once, at a dance, I overheard a boy talking about me to his partner. He said, 'Who does she think she is? She is the most stuck-up, conceited person around here.' I have remembered that boy from that day on. And, just recently, when he wrote me that he was passing through town, I told him that *of course* I would be glad to see him. And did I high-hat him when that opportunity came!

"Plenty of people in those days—especially, the senior boys in school—used to think I was conceited. The reason, I'm sure, was because I never paid any attention to the older boys. And that was something they

just couldn't understand. Because, of course, all the younger girls in the school wanted to be dated up by the seniors. But, for some strange reason, I never particularly liked boys who were older than myself. Still, it's not so strange—because I have always been in love with Ham, I suppose. Even when I was a little girl in school."

"Ham," whose more dignified name is Harmon Nelson, is Bette Davis' husband, and a young orchestra leader.

"**H**AM never paid any attention to me in those days. I scarcely existed, as far as he was concerned. But I was used to being overlooked. It didn't discourage me. If anything, it had just the opposite effect. Not that I want to infer that revenge had anything to do with my marrying Ham. That was simply love. But his indifference was something to battle—and I like battles!"

Bette began to walk around the room, in that active, spirited manner of hers, which should find full expression when she co-stars with Edward G. Robinson in both *Money Man* and *Napoleon*. Yes, I could see that Bette was the sort of person who would like battles. She has great vitality. It is evident in her walk, her talk, her thinking.

I asked, "The fact that people here in Hollywood don't think your marriage will last—that it is on too uneven a keel, with you making so much more money than your husband,—doesn't that give you a special incentive to make it a success?"

"Oh, no!" Bette answered, laughing. "My revenge motive has been an incentive only as far as my career is concerned. It has nothing to do with my marriage. I'm in love with Ham and he's in love with me. Maybe our marriage will last. Maybe it won't. I think it's foolish to make predictions about marriage. That's really all I have to say about it. Except—" and Bette grinned. "Except that I think it will!"

Answer to Crossword Puzzle in July  
Movie Classic

C	A	G	N	E	Y	M	E	L	O	D	I	E	S
A	T	E	D	B	U	D	N	O	T	I			
R	T	D	R	A	N	G	E	G	J	D			
L	E	O	S	E	R	I	A	L	S	M	A	N	
I	N	D	O	D	D	R	I	N	G	S	E		
S	F	A	N							O	L	D	Y
L	Y	O	N	S						W	A	I	L
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S	S	R	O							R	U	E	U
P	A	S	O	N	G	S	P	A	R	L	G		
R	I	C	R	A	L	S	T	O	N	E	E	H	
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N	D	E	C	N	A	N	L	I	E				
G	R	E	A	T	E	S	T	W	A	L	T	E	R



## Say "Charm" with Flowers!

[Continued from page 18]

No, it hasn't taken long to grow . . . only about six weeks. All you do is take a large sweet potato, a nice long one, and place it on its side in a bowl, and half cover it with water. You must keep the water at this level. In less than a week, the potato begins to sprout . . . and from then on, there's no stopping it from becoming a fern!

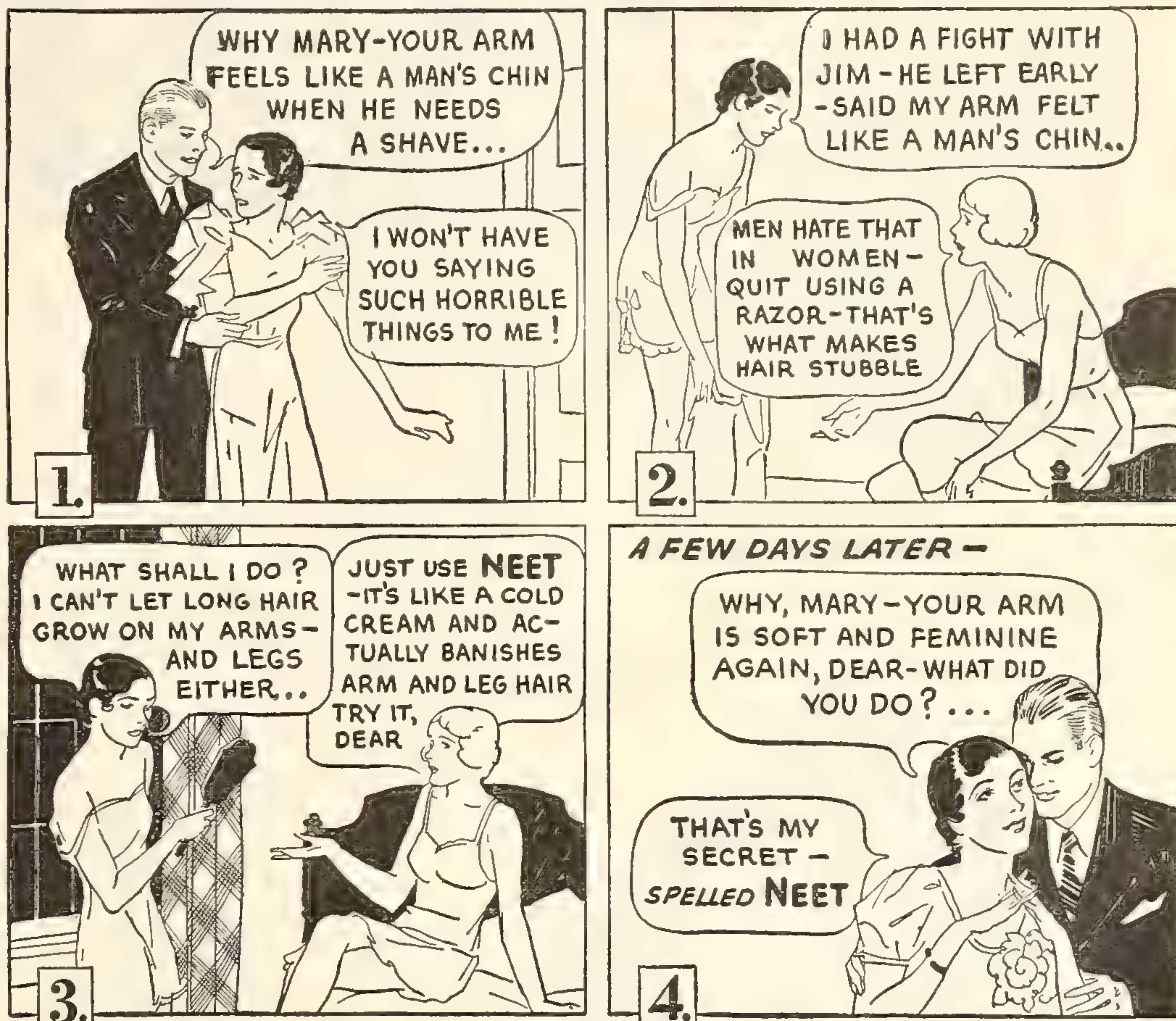
"YOU can do practically the same thing with a carrot. Take a large one, cut off the top and hollow out some of the inside. Then, with an ice-pick, make three small holes, evenly distributed, about a quarter of an inch down from the top of the carrot. Through these three holes, draw three short strings, knotting them firmly. (Ribbon is more attractive, of course.) Then join the three strings to one long one, from which you will hang the carrot in a window (where there isn't too much sun). The strings must be adjusted so that the carrot will hang straight, for now you fill the hollowed carrot with water. Keep it filled with water. In a week or ten days it will begin to sprout all over, in a fine maiden-hair type of fern, and form an effective green ball.

"Know a mistake that many people make when arranging flowers? They neglect to strip the stems almost entirely of leaves. Too many leaves packed into a vase along with flowers, especially roses, spoil the effectiveness of graceful stems. Also, leaves require just as much nourishment as flowers do, and by eliminating most of the leaves, you allow more nourishment to get to the blossoms. Be sure, however, to cut the leaves off, instead of tearing them off, for tearing is apt to rip the stems.

"Another original idea, of a little different nature, is a flower table that will aid you in arranging your flowers. This is small and set on castors, so that it may be whirled around. You place the vase or bowl you are arranging on this little table, and then just turn it to see how the flowers look from all angles. A table of this sort, incidentally, is a grand gift for your flower-loving friends, as well as for yourself. Buy an unpainted table, a small one, either square or round, paint it, and put it on castors, and you have a really original gift. The whole thing wouldn't have to cost more than two or three dollars."

Elissa could go on about flowers and flower gadgets forever. But even though she has given us, here, only a smattering of her extensive knowledge on the subject, we're grateful! We can try the sweet potato and carrot ferns, ourselves. We can try floating flowers on water . . . try all the things she has suggested, and, more than ever, be saying "Charm" with flowers!

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See page 68 for New CLASSIC department—"Handy Hints"

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The MAHAJOR was created to accompany gowns featuring the "Sari." Flattering for round faces



The PSYCHE (left) is excellent with high-necked, low-backed frocks—and the Grecian silhouette

Fashions by Royer  
Coiffures by Irene Beshon  
Modeled by Mona Barrie

# The Magic of Coiffures

Five clever changes of hairdress... and Mona Barrie looks like five different girls. This explains how

BY ROYER, FOX FILM STYLIST



The ROMA, featuring the coronet braid, was designed for a classic gown featuring a Roman toga-type wrap



Above, the TRILBY—for an ethereal mood. This coiffure emphasizes the lustrous quality of the eyes

**N**O WOMAN is smarter than her coiffure, and no woman can suggest glam—or unless her hair is in harmony with her costume.

No matter how beautiful she may be, no matter how lovely or how individual her gowns, her ensemble falls into mediocrity if her hair is not coifed in keeping with them. Therefore, when I create clothes for screen stars, my sketches indicate whether the hair shall be loosely or tightly dressed and whether curls, straight or

waved bangs, or tresses drawn straight back from the forehead should be worn. Each sketch is made with a particular gown for a particular woman in mind.

In doing research for new motifs in costume design, a period hairdress often gives us inspiration for a modern revival of it. While the costume designer does not pretend to dictate the hairdress, he does sponsor and often suggest to the hair-stylist the development and trend of a new hair mode. This procedure was followed in the case of the styles shown in the accompanying photographs. Irene Beshon, Fox Studio hair stylist, created these beautiful coiffures for Miss Mona Barrie, one of the best-dressed younger women on the screen.

Miss Beshon has invariably developed to perfection each type of hairdress that she has attempted, and the five styles shown here offer coiffures suitable for many types of gowns and faces.

Below, the VICTORIA—excellent for Regency gowns. It makes older faces younger, yet smartly sophisticated



• For instance, in Miss Barrie's rôle in *Ladies Love Danger*, she appeared in a classical gown with a toga wrap. With it she wore a hairdress called the *Roma*. From a center part, the hair was waved over the temples and ears, and braided to stand erect about the head, coronet fashion. No woman with a plump face should use this hair-



dress, as the braid used in this manner tends to accentuate head-width.

The *Trilby* type of hairdress with deep bangs was designed to emphasize the faintly mysterious quality of a simple black velvet gown that featured a double ruche of white grosgrain ribbon about the throat. It is a hairdress for an ethereal mood. Miss Barrie's long blonde hair, slightly curled at the ends, gave her a naïve quality and carried out the distinctive elements of the gown. This coiffure emphasizes the lustrous quality of the eyes and the line of the eyebrows, and acts as an interesting facial frame. It should be confined, however, to women with well-shaped chins and pleasing eyebrow lines. Women with high, arched brows and heavy jowls and protruding chins should avoid it.

● *MAHAJOR* is for wear with gowns of the new Hindu and East Indian influence, particularly gowns with the *sari* type of scarf, worn over the hair. Because the gowns have severe lines and since the scarf must be draped over the head, the coiffure must be of a type that is firm, with the hair close to the head.

Therefore, a center part, with the waves drawn tightly over the ears into a low, Oriental knot, is important. Such a hairdress is extremely flatter-

ing to women who are inclined to have overround faces. It demands a face of even contour and has a tendency to add age to the face of the woman who wears it. It is, therefore, better adapted to the woman of sophistication, rather than to the naïve type.

The *Victoria* is a coiffure that was inspired by the present fashion of off-the-shoulder, bouffant gowns of Regency and Victorian flavor. With Miss Barrie's bouffant black taffeta gown and mitts, and with such accessories as small Victorian jet bands on the low V-neck and as clips in the hair, this hairdress was required. Patterned directly after an old Victorian print, it features ringlets over the forehead and the top of the head, massed in the "forward" manner—once so popular and now revived.

This hairdress is especially suitable for women with high foreheads, upon which ringlets appear to good advantage. However, the *Victoria* should be avoided by women who have overlong faces or large, irregular features, as the forehead arrangement of ringlets is apt to increase the length of the face. Girls with small features should avoid using too great a mass of ringlets, as they give a somewhat overpowering effect on such faces.

The *Victoria* is a hairdress beautifully appropriate for bouffant mate-

rials such as organdy, mousseline-de-soie and taffeta. It has a tendency to make older faces younger while still preserving smart sophistication.

The *Psyche* is the newest hairdress of the group. It has an entirely new and modern aspect and is especially suitable for the woman who wears a high-fronted, low-backed gown.

The hair is combed straight back from the forehead with either center or side part, as most becomes the face. It is then drawn tightly to the back, since its weight and emphasis must be placed at the nape of the neck. If the hair is loose about the face, this type of hairdress becomes unattractive, due to the small size of the knot, which is its chief asset and which may be of either the coil or the braided type.

Women with short hair will find this hint of value, when they wish to attain a "long-haired" coiffure: simply add a switch, which can be arranged easily, after the hair is brought firmly back in place. Those with very high foreheads may find it necessary to use a small fringe or bang to overcome the suggestion of a frightened or startled look. This hairdress is excellent, also, for the Grecian silhouette that is now so popular.

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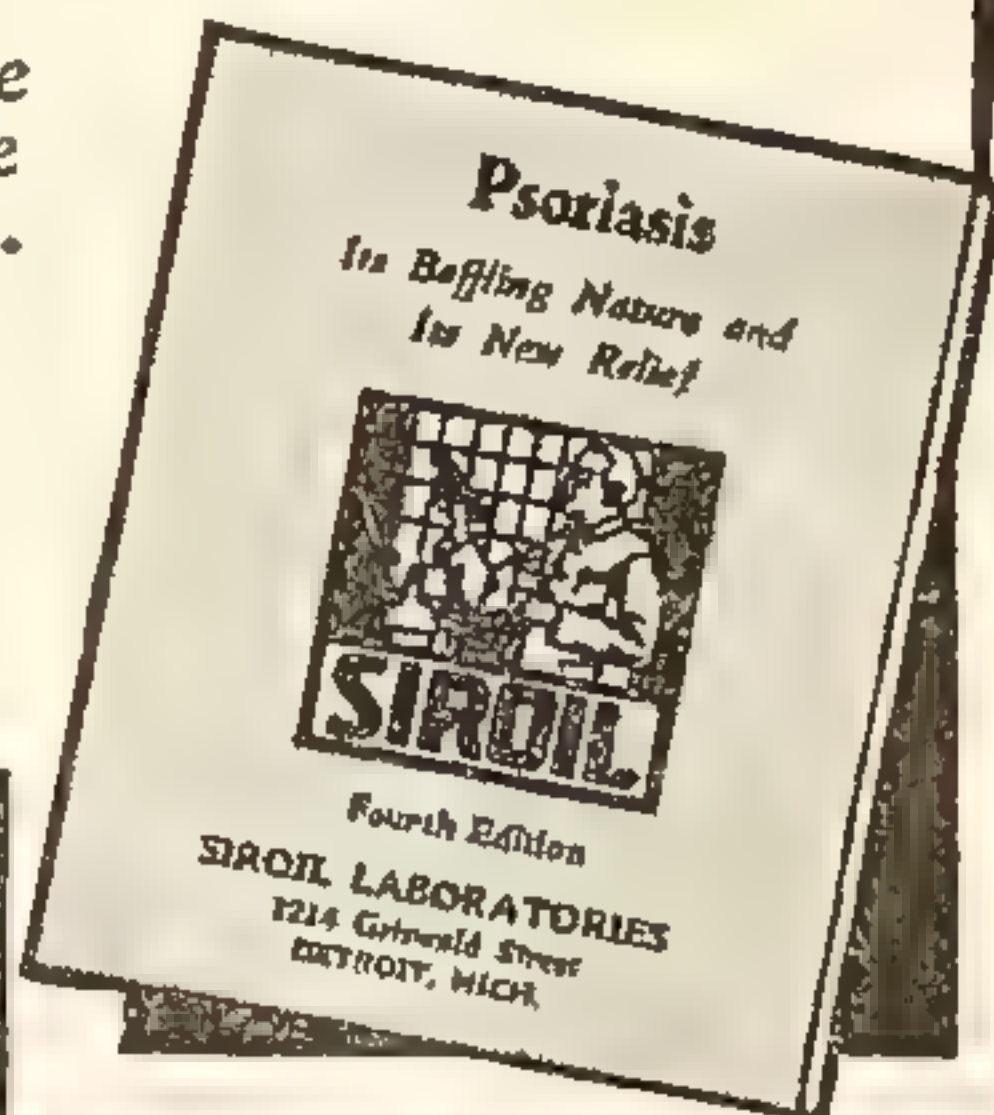
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## Merle Oberon Wears Everything Well

[Continued from page 45]

it on, it seems, like a coat over the molded slip of crêpe de chine. And if you have a flair for finesse in dress, you wear a bracelet of green beads to match that belt, as Merle does. When she does wear jewelry, she wears little of it—and with telling effect. I noticed that particularly when I saw her a few nights later at a party.

Somebody said, "Isn't that Merle Oberon? Heavens, isn't she lovely!" And she was . . .

Her gown was white chiffon, beaded in silver, with a simple lingerie top and a train. Her only bracelet was the slave bracelet she is never without. She had clasped her diamond earrings on the side of her ear, instead of on the lobe, and she wore no necklace. It would have detracted from the gown. But the most interesting note of all was her "angel sleeves." They are, without exception, the last word in summer evening styles. Great swaths of white chiffon are pleated from a stitched band at the neck and are caught again at the wrists. They do give a girl that ethereal look that men find so intriguing. Certainly, David Nevin was finding Merle intriguing. (David, you know, is the young scion of Scotch nobility who is giving film work a trial.)

IT IS not only the Oberon simplicity of manner that enchants. It is her simplicity of style, too. Anything elaborate would take away from her looks and she is wise enough to keep all her clothes down to smart lines.

Some might say that she has gone to the extreme in her turquoise-blue dinner gown—it is so severely plain. But the material is so gorgeous that even a fancy pin would ruin the effect. It is Schiaparelli's famous spongy crêpe made into a semi-shirtmaker frock, with buttons rippling down the front and batwing sleeves. The skirt is slit in front and there is an inserted train destined to create graceful lines wherever she walks. The gold sandals—no, indeed, sandals have not slipped out of our fashion lives yet!—add exactly the right color note with that turquoise-blue.

Blue is a favorite of Merle's. In a glorious sapphire shade, it trims her little one-piece printed crêpe dress. This kind of dress is a midsummer blessing and when I saw her in it, the last vestige of my mysterious-lady-of-India waved goodbye. Especially, when Merle confessed that her pet aversion in clothes was the dressy afternoon type—the slinky satins with silver fox and the lacy frou-frous. (Why, what self-respecting exotic can get along without them!) Then I had to remember that Oberon is just her version of "O'Brien," her full name being Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson. And who ever heard of an O'Brien Thompson being anything else but a natural, normal person?

"What about this born-in-Tasmania' note in your biography?" I demanded.

"It was just an accident. My father was an English army officer and he had been stationed there. My mother was half-English and half-French-Dutch."

"And that makes you . . ."

"An actress, I hope," she laughed. And when Merle laughs, even the birds sit up and take notice.

BUT, returning to clothes, she has a second pet aversion—hats. One of the few times she wears one is with her yellow suit of the new "coolaine" fabric, which does not wrinkle. The sleeves are elbow-length and the coat has a surplice closing with a little turned-back collar. The brown leather belt is fashioned after a rifleman's and her suede accessories are in the same tone of brown. The hat, if you can term it by that name, is a slide-away pancake beautifully stitched on top, and designed with a world of dash.

It is only in her negligees that young Miss Oberon, aged twenty-three, gives evidence of her upbringing in the Far East. She likes silk brocades with flaring coats. The pajamas that Omar Kiam made her have a Chinese trend. The top might belong to a Manchu princess, but the trousers are definitely American. They are what Omar calls the "straightaway cut with turned-back cuffs in black taffeta."

"And what do you call Miss Oberon?" I ventured.

"I call her a complete success in fashion, as she is in every other way—the hundred-percent girl."

Which seems to be the general opinion. . . .



Wide World

Merle Oberon looks over sketches of gowns that Omar Kiam has designed for "The Dark Angel"—in which she will show a new side of her personality.



## Raquel Torres Invites You to a Hollywood Party!

[Continued from page 41]

founded by Carl Laemmle.

Irene Dunne, whom you last saw—and heard—in *Roberta*, will probably be working there in *The Magnificent Obsession*. Binnie Barnes is just finishing in *Diamond Jim Brady*, and will start a new picture soon. Margaret Sullivan will be preparing for *Time Out of Mind*. William Powell is soon starting a picture on the Universal lot, and, of course, there will be such stars as Chester Morris, Sally Eilers, Buck Jones, and many others busy there. And you will see a picture actually being filmed.

**T**HEN there will be trips to other points of interest in Hollywood, a tour through the residential districts of Beverly Hills, where the stars live, and then that big party for you, given by the lovely Mexican star, Raquel Torres.

Raquel has a big swimming pool, lovely lawns and trees, a grand house and a cocktail bar that is indeed picturesque. No more charming hostess could be found in all Hollywood. She is most democratic and her cosmopolitan parties are always popular, so you will be made to feel right at home. Spanish hospitality is proverbial, and she maintains the best traditions of that hospitality at her luxurious home.

When she heard about the Tour, in fact, she said that she would personally write to all who ask questions about it and invite them. That's Raquel!

For those who want to see the San Diego Fair, which President Roosevelt is visiting this summer, there will be trips arranged also.

So it's all aboard for Hollywood! Are you coming to the party? Then write immediately for full details. Address a card to J. C. Godfrey, Jr., Manager, Movieland Tour, 360 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. You will receive promptly a beautiful pamphlet describing the tour with full details. Act today! Reservations soon close, for the train is getting up steam. Don't miss our Hollywood party! *Your* Hollywood party!

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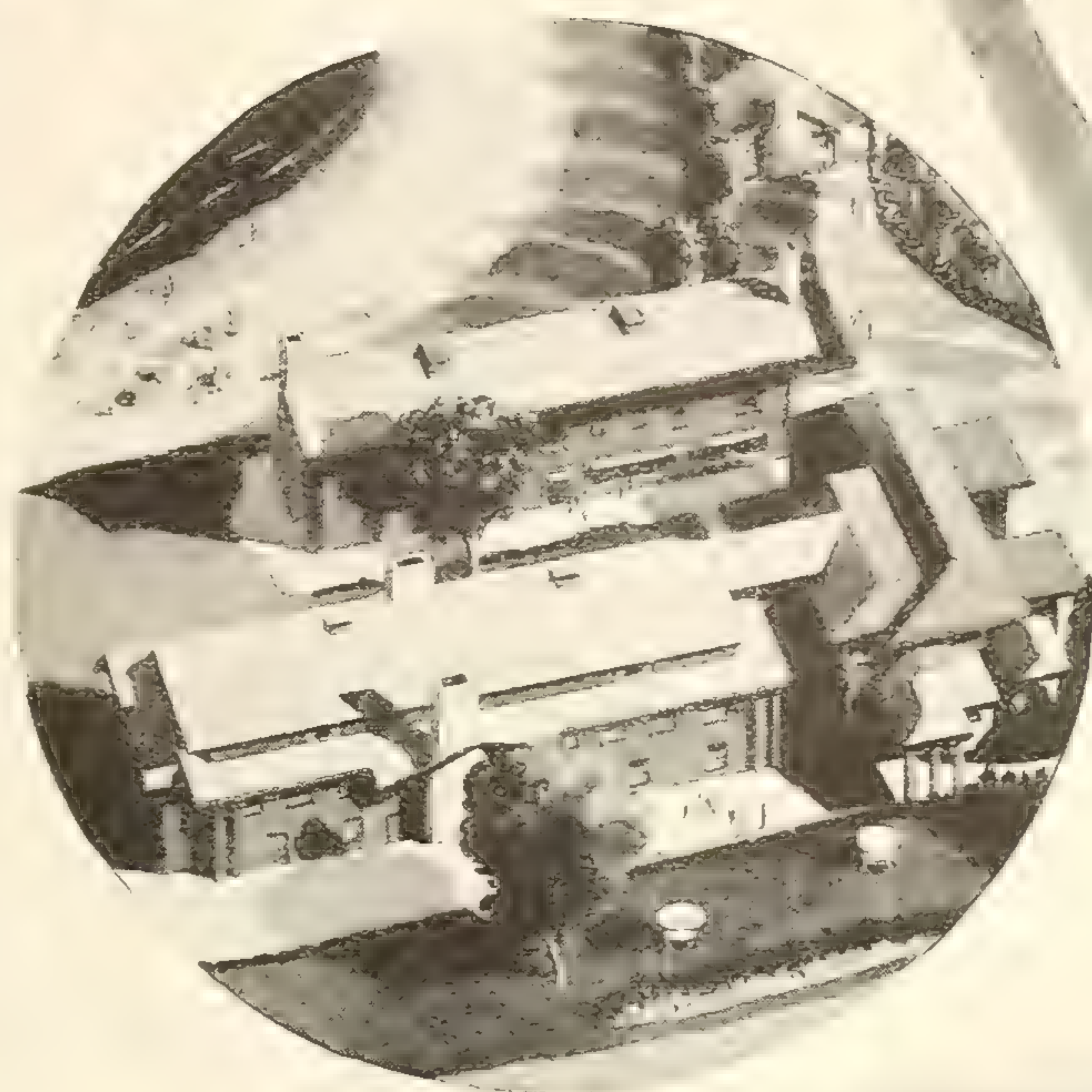
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# Handy Hints from Hollywood

BY MARIAN RHEA

**T**HOSE Sunday suppers, informal and gay, are fun—sometimes the impromptu ones even more than the scheduled ones. And they are most enjoyable to the hostess when the refrigerator is full of potential viands, ready for serving with very little additional attention.

It is Toby Wing's idea (Toby is one of Hollywood's real cooks) to have a number of things ready except for reheating, perhaps—or assembling, in the case of a salad.

For example, take creamed dishes such as creamed crab meat with hard-boiled eggs and pimientos. You can prepare it the day before you intend serving it, turn it into a glass oven dish, sprinkle it with buttered crumbs and paprika and tuck it away in your electric refrigerator, all ready to put in the oven a half-hour before time to serve. With this, Toby recommends stuffed potatoes.

As for salad—many of the vegetables can be chopped, packed solid in a bowl, covered with water, and kept on ice.

Those new contraptions that prepare vegetables for salad are simply slick! You can take a carrot, for example, and cut it into pieces a dozen different sizes and shapes—from tiny shreds to dicelike cubes. And that, of course, goes for any vegetable. The better variety of graters or slicers don't rust and will last a lifetime.

Toby Wing's recipe for stuffed potatoes:

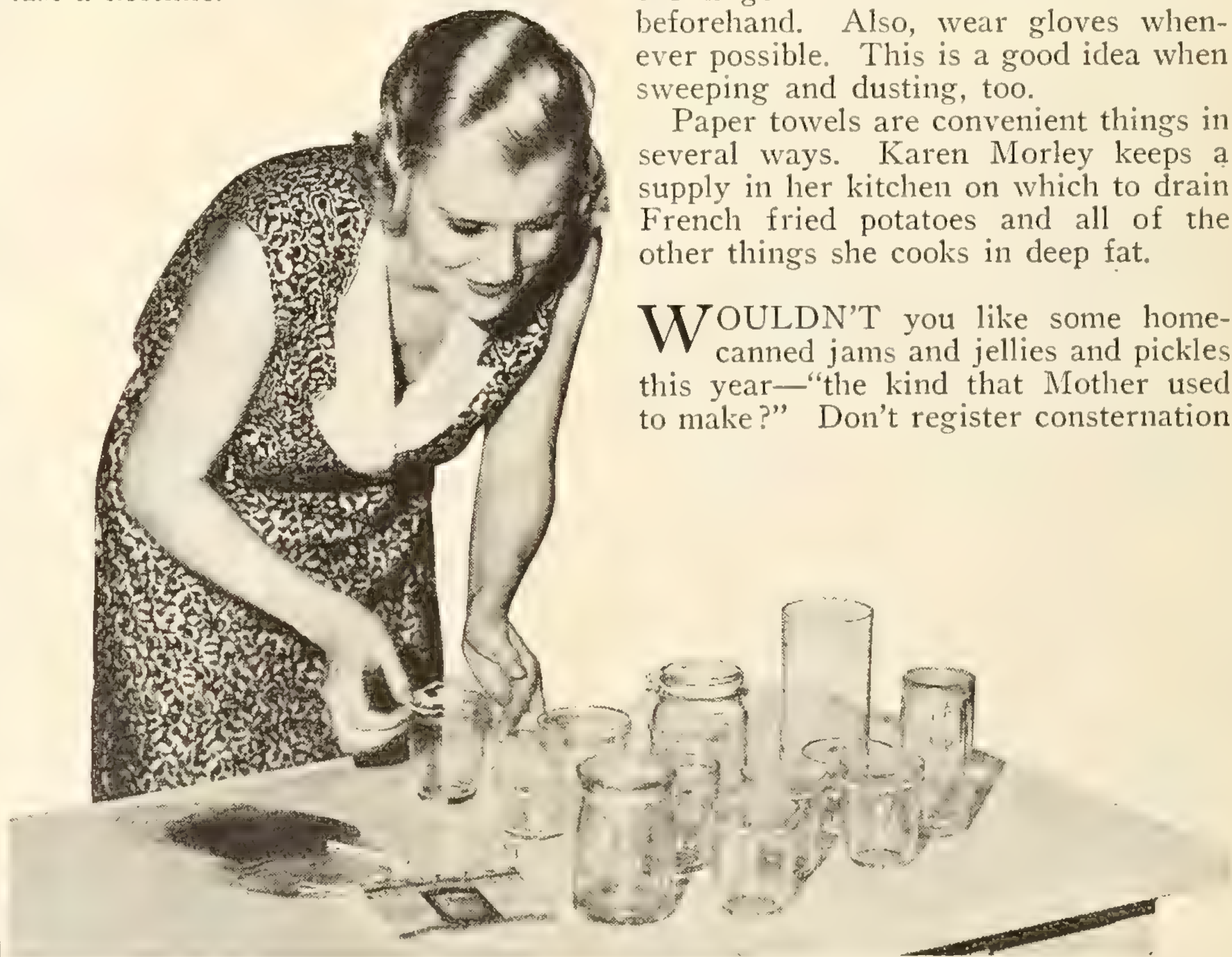
Scrub potatoes of uniform size, dry and grease. Bake until mealy, cut in two and scoop out the inside, saving shells. Heat good quantity of milk, season well with salt, pepper, butter and paprika. Mash potatoes (you can do it beautifully with an electric mixer, Toby says) and whip in milk until mixture is smooth. Put back in shells, sprinkle with paprika and perhaps a little grated cheese. Arrange in shallow pan, cover with waxed paper and place in electric refrigerator, ready for reheating and browning when desired.

**W**INNIE LIGHTNER, who likes to spend hours in the garden of her Beverly Hills home, has a remarkably complete set of garden tools, including a little low collapsible stool that works something like a camp stool and has a compartment underneath in which to carry various small implements. Other things in her collection include weather-proof plant labels, a fork for transplanting, a combination trowel and weeder, several very light aluminum trowels, lopping shears, and a seed sower (this insures even sowing).

Gardening is rather hard on the hands, but there is a way to help this situation. Rub rather soft soap under the fingernails and around the cuticle beforehand. Also, wear gloves whenever possible. This is a good idea when sweeping and dusting, too.

Paper towels are convenient things in several ways. Karen Morley keeps a supply in her kitchen on which to drain French fried potatoes and all of the other things she cooks in deep fat.

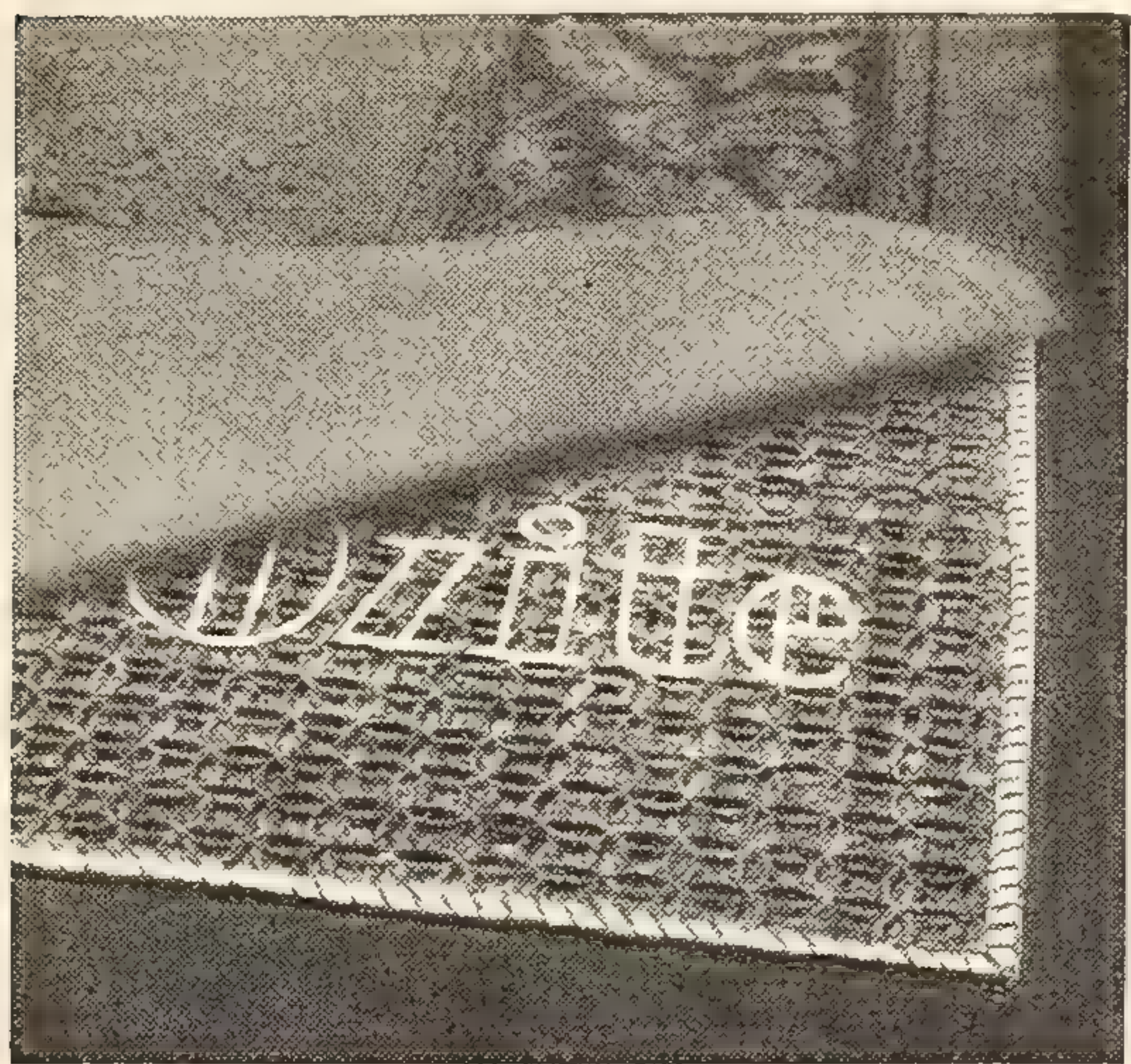
**W**OULD'N'T you like some home-canned jams and jellies and pickles this year—"the kind that Mother used to make?" Don't register consternation



Do you like homemade jams and jellies—and hate the work attached to making them? Then you haven't heard about "Jiffy Seals," the new jar-covers. They are described in this article



at the work you might let yourself in for, because you won't have the arduous labor that Mother used to have. (I learned about it from a smart "extra" girl who is taking advantage of Cali-



Turn back the corners of Hollywood rugs, and you will find rug cushions—the protective, long-lasting kind

fornia's low-priced fruit—and "storing up" for winter.)

For one thing, there is a new contrivance on the market called "Jiffy Seal," which lives up to its name and makes a game of the once endless process of covering up the orange marmalade, the raspberry jam, the mustard pickles. It is a transparent cellulose disc, five inches across, which looks very much like thick Cellophane. To put it on, in place of the old-fashioned cover, all you do is to moisten it, stretch it across the top of the jar, then seal it with a rubber band. Drying, it shrinks and forms an air-tight cover, which is as sanitary as it is easy to remove. And you can get twenty-five "Jiffy Seals" for one small, thin dime.

**PRACTICALLY** everybody these days, is aware of what a "rug cushion" can do to make a rug feel softer and thicker underfoot and to make it last longer. But what you may not know is that all rug cushions are not alike, even though they may look like close cousins.

The best ones are made entirely of hair—not of vegetable fibres such as jute, or even mixtures of jute and hair. These last mat down in time, as the hair cushions don't; and cushions that mat down on the least provocation actually shorten the life of rugs, since they offer no "shock absorber" to the grinding of heels and furniture, et cetera,

You can't enter movie homes without being rug-conscious. And looking under most of the luxurious-feeling rugs, you will find "Ozite" cushions. They meet the all-hair test, are ozonized to remove any trace of odor, and are moth-proofed to discourage mother moths from nesting under rugs. Yes, I learned, they cost a little more in the beginning—but are worth that "little more" in view of the protection they furnish and the way they last. So store this tip away against your next rug-buying day. Or are some of your present rugs deserving of good cushions?

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DRUG •• DEPT. STORES •• TEN CENT STORES

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## Bing Crosby as a Husband

[Continued from page 27]

tell you, he really works his head off. But Bing has never changed about being amused that people actually want to pay him for singing.

"I like to sing," he will say, "and I do the best I can. I'd sing for nothing, but if anyone wants to pay me for it, I'd be a chump not to accept. As long as I get paid for it, I'll sing in public; when they stop paying me I'll sing for my own amusement."

AS A matter of exact fact, Bing always manages to do precisely as he pleases in his easygoing way. Except on the radio and in the movies I have never heard him sing a song all the way through. And he has no orthodox ideas about "saving" his voice. He smokes—a pipe usually—and frequently he drinks soda pop before breakfast and he has been known to drink beer between recordings of records! It would never occur to him to take either himself or his "art" seriously.

Actually, I have a job getting him to do the things other people expect of him. We seldom go out—except for bridge with our neighbors and very good friends, the Arlens. Bing considers ten the right hour to retire, and no matter who may be present, he still considers ten his "goodnight" time.

Not long ago we were having a party. When ten came, Bing got up from his chair and said: "Goodnight, folks—have a good time." And away he went, without so much as a "Will you carry on?" to me.

But I have learned a good deal about Bing—and I know that if I were to do the same thing, he would not question it for a second. So what can you do about that?

That crooner kills me!

AS FOR his sons, Bing says: "I hope that Gary and the twins will grow up to be both singers and actors. I'd like them to be a million times better than I am at either—but if they don't show any inclination toward these professions we certainly won't force them down their throats. They will be given every encouragement and advantage to become the very best of whatever they wish to be. At least we hope they'll be happy and exactly like other boys!" Which, of course, echoes my own feelings in the matter.

Naturally, Bing has some private ambitions of his own. He wants, eventually, to be a short-story writer and intends to study writing seriously when, as, and if crooning wanes. He knows the words of more than a thousand songs and has written the lyrics for a few himself. He does not want to be starred alone in pictures, ever, preferring to be one of a star cast. He likes yachting and fishing, eats an apple a day and chews gum incessantly, even

while singing and acting in front of the camera, for he has learned the trick of putting it in the side of his mouth to escape detection.

He never rehearses more than once, and during broadcasts always wears a hat or a cap. Bing spends plenty of money on clothes, but even when we are having company for dinner he looks as though he has been pulled out of a scrap bag. The old orange sweater, which has been his pride and joy for many years, finally wore threadbare. We all breathed a sigh of relief! And then, lo and behold! Bing arrived home the next day with another sweater of a much *brighter* shade of orange. That crooner kills me!

... Really, Bing is very sweet and very considerate. When we went to San Francisco, on a recent trip, and left the children behind in care of a nurse, he spent half his time calling the house to see if everything were all right; and when I was making *Love in Bloom* he quietly, but firmly, saw to it that I was not overworked and that the surrounding conditions were pleasant and comfortable for me.

His weaknesses? Well, there are ten things which Bing says he simply can't resist—and here they are:

*Listening to Ethel Waters.*

*A swing with any golf club he happens to see.*

*Horse racing.*

*Singing in a shower—and out of it.*

*Sitting down whenever possible.*

*Babies.*

*Sleeping in a hammock.*

*Benefits.*

*His mother's cooking.*

*Listening to any good band.*

And then there is one thing I find I can't resist. Have you guessed it? It's that crooner—he *thrills* me!



With Gary on one side of him, and the twins (Philip and Dennis) on the other, Bing has to budget now!



## Hollywood's Heart Problems —and Yours

[Continued from page 15]

is difficult to distinguish it from the other emotions that are so closely allied to it. Real love, you see, involves so much more than mere passion. It involves friendship, sacrifice, tolerance—everything. And it takes will power on the part of the girl to work the thing out successfully.

First of all, she cannot let the boy get too embroiled in love-making. It is usually up to her to see that an understanding is developed between them so that, if real love does come, they have it pretty well backed up with genuine companionship. *You have to temper love a little in order to keep it.* Forced flowers, you know, are not so fragrant and never so lasting or colorful as those that have been cultivated normally. And it is much the same with romance. Hurry it along and you are apt to destroy it. Let it blossom too quickly—and there is an early fading. But you can hold it forever by permitting it to grow naturally, gradually.

**“WHAT** makes a woman romantic?” I have been asked that a great many times by women who write to me from all over the world. There is only one answer. *A woman is romantic as long as she places a high value on herself.*

Unconsciously, people act the way they look, and there is nothing less appealing than a coarse, boisterous girl. She is “second choice”—always. So one has to be doubly careful not to look common, not to mistake gaudiness for attractiveness. You cannot lose in appeal, certainly, with something like this as a motto:

“Gay clothes I like—but not loud ones!

Gay talk I like—but not loud talk!”

When you think of romance, you think of quiet laughter, low voices, soft lights, sweet music. Jazz doesn't enter into the picture!

I suppose one of the best assets for romance that a girl can acquire after, as well as before, she is twenty-one is an ability to dance passably well. Dancing makes you graceful and it gives you a certain sparkle. It doesn't matter how long it takes you to learn. Keep at it until you feel that rhythm is a part of you. All men enjoy accomplished dancing partners.

There are other assets, too. Sometimes it pays a girl to be something of a Barnum and put on a good show to fill her husband's evenings! After all, it is comparatively easy for a bachelor to have all the comforts of home these days. When he marries he expects something more of a wife than good food. He wants social life, comradeship, pleasant times together. Loving partnership—that is the *real* seal that keeps romance unbroken!

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## The \$25-a-Week Girl Can Dress Well, Too!

[Continued from page 51]

clever, they realize that they should select—out of all that they see—the things that fit their own particular types. That, of course, is the secret of good dressing: to take from the most outstanding fashions the things that are especially suitable for you, and then to adapt them to your own individuality.

"Fortunately, most American girls realize that. And so, when they watch some famous star, they know that certain clothes are not suitable for them or their purses, while other things can be duplicated at little cost and still be perfectly charming." Orry-Kelly's eyes are black, and they flashed as he spoke.

"When you ask me whether the girl who earns twenty-five dollars a week can be just as smartly dressed as any wealthy star, I say, yes. And I say this because the girl that we talk about has a sense of style, of fitness, of good taste!

"All right, Mr. Kelly," I said. "Let's get down to cases. Will you tell me exactly how this twenty-five-dollar-a-week girl can dress smartly?"

"Of course. I'll be glad to work out that problem for you, and I hope the result will be of some help to the girls who are readers of MOVIE CLASSIC," Mr. Kelly answered.

**YOU** may earn more, you may earn less, but the \$25-a-week figure should be an interesting one to consider—and his budget should be a most helpful one as a starting point. The work you do, the section in which you live, the home problems that you have—those things you must take into consideration and then adapt this plan to your needs.

There are two budgets to consider, as a matter of fact. First, there is the general budget that Mr. Kelly suggests. This appears in the box below his picture on page 51 and suggests a safe-and-sane distribution of a \$25-a-week salary. As you can see, there is an allowance of \$6.50 per week for clothes, which makes a total of \$338 for a year. Now, if you will consult the Clothes Budget on page 50, you will find Mr. Kelly's recommendations, in round figures, on the subject of how to assemble the things that you need to dress smartly, and how to build a wardrobe that will include apparel that can last from one year to another and still remain in style.

"A tailored suit is the most essential requirement of the wardrobe," Mr. Kelly told me, after making his computations. "An inexpensive wash blouse, which goes with the tailored suit in the daytime, may be changed for one of richer material for formal wear in the evening. A tweed or dark-colored *swag-gar suit* with a long coat is another essential since the coat can be worn with daytime dresses, and the skirt—with sweaters and tunics—can be used for office wear.

"A black *crêpe dress* is another indispensable item. It should be simple in line so that, by changing the collar and cuffs or by adding a jeweled ornament,

it may be suitable either for work or for informal dates in the evening," Mr. Kelly continued.

"With a limited budget of this type, I would recommend one *evening outfit*, preferably black, unless the girl goes out a great deal, in which case, she might add another outfit in a solid color. I suggest that evening outfits be of the two-piece variety," he added.

*Accessories* are extremely important at present, according to Mr. Kelly. The entire appearance of a dress or suit can be completely altered by a change of scarf, of collar, of matching belt and bag; or by the use of inexpensive costume jewelry that is now so cleverly conceived everywhere. This is particularly true when said of the black *crêpe dress*, which can be so very severe with just a little brilliant clasp, or else so very feminine and flattering with frilly white collars and cuffs.

"From the remaining balance of fifty-one dollars and fifty cents," Mr. Kelly explained, "comes the second evening gown, if it is necessary. If it is not required, you can buy either another dark *crêpe dress* or else a dark-colored spring or fall dress, at a cost of fifteen dollars. This leaves a balance of thirty-six-fifty to be applied on a winter coat. In choosing this coat, it is important to get one that is conservatively cut and trimmed with a durable fur. An excellent garment of this type can be purchased for about seventy-five dollars—and look well for two, perhaps three, seasons," Mr. Kelly added.

In some sections of the country, a good winter coat could be secured for less than \$75.00 but you must be sure that the material is of firm weave, according to Mr. Kelly, and that, preferably, it is made of some well-known woolen fabric.

**THUS**, you have the advice of the man who designs for stars with unlimited means, telling you how to be as smartly dressed on a more moderate allowance. Don't think, just because he creates gowns of extremely high cost, that he doesn't know what he is talking about in the field of less costly apparel. For, in addition to his Hollywood work, Orry-Kelly also does designing for some of the manufacturers who produce the dresses you buy when you go into your own department stores!

Since Orry-Kelly has his finger constantly on the pulse of fashion, he knows what you and I are going to wear months in advance. Here are facts that I gleaned about coming trends:

Skirts will be shorter. There will be colors, and colors, and more colors. Hues will be gayer even into the fall season; shades will be brighter than we have seen in years.

And here, in conclusion, is Orry Kelly's personal message to you: "Dress simply, daintily, femininely, and you will be as smart and as lovely as any star who spends a fortune on clothes!"



## New Shopping Finds!

[Continued from page 16]

on your hands? Well, not the famous Miss Crawford this time, but an exceedingly smart pair of gloves conceived by "Wear-Right." They are to wear with your town sheer dresses for summer, and have hand-crocheted finish. Black, white, ecru or navy. The price is special, and they have that important warm day requisite of gloves . . . they are washable! For about \$2.

\*\*\*\*They don't creep, slide or twist! In other words, at last there has been conceived ready-to-put-on-furniture slip covers that are satisfactory, good-looking, and don't do all those silly things most slip covers manage to do. These are the only sure-fit covers that have patented Sta-Fast features, thanks to the Sure-Fit Products Co., Philadelphia. Ask for the Sta-Fast Slipcovers at your department stores. Chairs, \$3.95. Davenports, \$5.95.

\*\*\*\*Have you eaten the best hash that has ever been canned? Then you have tasted Prudence Hash, for it's the most savory, tenderest, honest-to-goodness hash we've ever eaten. This company has now blessed the world with three new products—beef loaf, beef stew, and lamb stew, and so praises be to Prudence! 25c only—and no hot stoves to stand over to achieve food perfection.

\*\*\*\*Key, key, who has the key? If you're smart, it will be right in your smart new Keytainer, compact, good-looking, convenient. 50c for cowhide ones with two rings, and some exquisite English Morocco ones with 6 loops for \$2.50, as well as other prices. And if you know a man who likes sensible gifts, ones that last, then be sure to ask for Buxton Keytainers, that are locked by a loop!

\*\*\*\*Down with smears . . . up with spotlessness! Stop saying naughty words when you smear lipstick on the new summer dress, or drop ink on a silk scarf. There is a new remove-all-stains preparation named Jalma, that leaves woolens and silks like new. \$1, if you please!

\*\*\*\*Out of the automobile industry and into our own daily and very personal lives has come that beautiful principle of "Air Flow." It takes the form of a foundation garment sponsored by Irene Castle, made by Formfit, and uses Lastex to flatten that back section. It allows the body to breathe, which is tops with all feminine souls in summer, and gives you that Hollywood figure. \$5 for all that!

\*\*\*\*The best bathing suits nowadays have "figure control." But there must be plenty of girls who would feel even more "figurative" and self-assured if they could wear brassieres or girdles under their swim suits. And now they can—in the form of Mermaid Lastex Swim Sets (by Model) which shed water like a duck's back, fit "like a glove," and dry "instantly!" No excuse now for not looking as slick on the beach as in the tightest evening gown. Prices . . . girdles, \$2.98; bras, \$1.50.

\*\*\*\*Cotton-picking time! Haven't you been disgusted innumerable times when you couldn't find a little blob of cotton to remove lipstick, apply powder, take off fingernail polish? Well, blessings on Bauer & Black, for their smart-looking black-and-orchid container, with a cover over an opening on top where the desired amount of soft white cotton is instantly available. The name is tricky . . . "Cotton Picker," and the price is smooth, only 25c.

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## Ten Always Charming Women

[Continued from page 32]

rises to great heights of personality.

"What other movie stars do I consider charming? Well, most of them are attractive. Many of them are amusing, likable. Some of them are as naïve as children. . . . But I found Claudette Colbert to be one of the really charming women in that field. She is frank in speech, far more intelligent than the average girl, and delightfully human. Again, it is her simplicity that impresses you when you know her. She has tested the values of the glamorous background that fame gives, and has not had her head turned. Her loyalty to her few intimates is proverbial, and one can count oneself a very lucky person if she gives you her friendship. She's a grand human being.

"CHARM has nothing to do with age. Virginia Bruce, for example, is no more than twenty-four, and, besides being one of the loveliest creatures I have ever seen, she has charm that is so striking that you become quite thrilled when you first meet her. She has softness of youth that is lovely; a sympathetic nature that makes you feel as if you had found the perfect companion, and a sweetness of disposition that you never forget. Isn't that an unusual combination to find in any one person?

"And just to prove to you that charm has nothing to do with age—Alexander Woolcott gave a dinner not so long ago for a woman more than seventy years old, and one of the most charming women alive today, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the English authoress. She held that large dinner party completely enthralled with her delightful personality, her wit, her vitality and magnetism. She is, as you know, one of the most successful writers of mystery stories in the world. Do you remember 'The Lodger'? Well, I suppose she is what you might call a female Edgar Wallace as far as being prolific is concerned, and she shows no signs at all of quitting. Everybody wanted to have her at some kind of function, because she was the gayest, most delightful person in town.

"Visiting in a woman's own home is a true test of that woman's character, I think," said Miss McMein. "And Mrs. Harrison Williams is just about the most perfect hostess I have ever known. She is a beautiful woman, with unaffected poise, and has received more publicity than any other individual in society because of her good taste in clothes. (There is a glamorous naturalness about her that all too few well-dressed women seem to have. Paris couturiers for two years have voted her the best-dressed woman in the world, bar none.) And she shows the same excellent taste in the appointments of her home that she does in selecting a dress. She is gracious, full of tact, always charming.

"If there were another word to use in place of 'charm,'" she continued with

a smile, "I could name any number of women. I suppose there must be a hundred other words, but I can't seem to remember them at the moment. What I mean is that there are different kinds of charm.

"KATHLEEN Norris, the novelist, has a unique charm that no other woman I know possesses. When you meet her, and sit down to talk with her, it is as though you were warming your hands before a lovely open fire. She is genial, kind, witty, and, of course, one of the most brilliant women in America. She works all the time, on the train, on a steamer, before breakfast, after dinner—any minute that she has free.

"Her vitality is amazing. She will arrive at a reception or dinner party looking as fresh and gay as a young girl and, in all probability, she has just finished a hard day's work correcting the galley proofs of her last novel. And within a few moments of her entrance, everyone in the room has gathered around her, listening to her talk. She is full of nonsense, and makes any party she attends go over with a bang.

"Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, the wife of the publisher, is another woman who has great charm," she continued after a short pause. "She is the most generous woman I ever knew, and the most graceful. You feel an immediate response to her gracious personality when you meet her. She is lovely in spirit, as well as in her physical being. I think that she is one of the most interesting women in America. Her tolerance and understanding, her unfailing charity at all times give her a distinction that no other woman I know has. There is a spiritual beauty in her face that leaves an indelible impression."

At that moment, the artist's secretary entered the room, with a reminder that there were about ten thousand things for her to do. But the most important event of the day was taking her little daughter, Joan, to the circus. Joan's picture graced a table standing near the studio windows, and all during the interview, her eyes had wandered toward the photograph of the lovely child.

She held the picture over for my inspection. There is nothing maudlin about her sentiment concerning her own child, but I could see that the greatest factor in the life of this famous artist is her offspring.

All during the week she works at her New York studio, fulfilling orders, selecting models, painting portraits by commission. But each week-end finds her at Port Washington, Long Island, where she is happily engaged in being simply Mrs. Jack Baragwanath—working in her garden, entertaining a household of visitors, and enjoying the companionship of her child.

Which proves that Neysa McMein also has the simplicity that is the secret of lasting charm!



## Fashion Foreword

[Continued from page 42]

of young American designers. First, there is a pair of shorts. Then, there is a halter top. Over it you put a loose coat of the same material when you want extra protection. Button up this coat, add a belt, and lo and behold, you have a dress, with a very cool set of undies underneath! Take off the shorts, don a pair of long pajama trousers, and have a complete lounging outfit. You can use the halter top with plain white skirts, or under suits for a blouse effect. Well, this all goes on with one trick after another, and it's all so clever, sensible, and money-saving that you wonder why someone wasn't smart enough to think it all up before!

Then there are loads of "Going Downtown" dresses... the ones to wear to work in offices, to noon dates, for afternoon rendezvous. Most of them are washable, and there are even some very smart white washable suits.

There's nothing like linen for comfort, as you know, but it has been hard to wear because of its wrinkling qualities. Now, most linens are specially treated or woven nobbier so that they look very fresh at all times.

It's all a merry game to combine colors this season to achieve this real smartness. For instance, I saw one outfit with a skirt in the deep tones of the lilac, and a jacket of oyster white, with designs of lilac and fuchsia. The coat buttoned so high that you would not have to wear a blouse underneath. However, you could add a sheer white organdy jabot for those times when you want to go on from work to some important afternoon engagement!

Accessories to wear with cool summer things can be porous, too. There are linen hats, shoes, and gloves in either sports or tailored styles.

Hats again are very huge, cartwheels indeed, or little pints of chic to set on the side of your head. The crowns of the big hats are very tiny, sometimes only an inch high, while the brim slants like a coolie hat. In New York they are called "smashes," and come in organdy, felt, silk, panama, and straw.

Laces for more formal occasions, even for daytime wear now too... and cottons for all times... that seems to be the summer song. Indian prints are becoming very popular, either in all-hour frocks, or for evening.

Colors are exquisite... materials are delightful... and the fashions are utterly fascinating... It looks like a grand and glamorous summer!

### Any Fashion Questions?

Want to know what clothes to take on a vacation? Or what is best for office hours? **MOVIE CLASSIC** will be happy to tell You. Write Fashion Editor, **MOVIE CLASSIC**, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.



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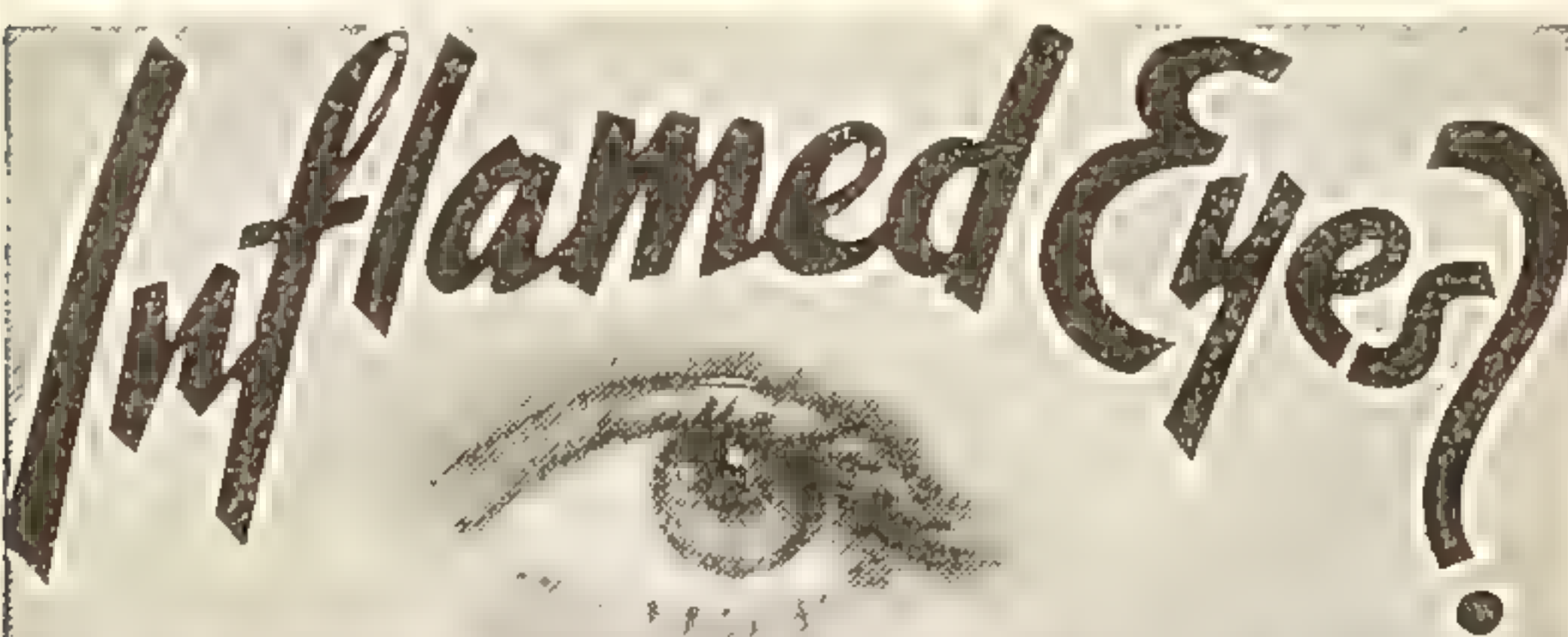
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# Hollywood Hero No. 1—Fredric March

[Continued from page 33]

that he had better stay as he was—or else.

Meanwhile, Freddie was engaged in a quiet revolution, doing things to free the whole race of actors from that particular kind of bondage. He was proving how romantic one actor can be by being many men in one.

He was, also, building up an audience that would last...

**D**ARRYL ZANUCK, brilliant and far-seeing production head of the then-newly-born 20th Century Pictures, saw a year ago what Fredric March had done, was doing, and could do—and signed him. And, in return for his obtaining Freddie as a star, Freddie obtained assurances that his rôles would be widely varied. He would not, in other words, be "typed."

The women who had seen him as the darkly handsome Stranger in *Death Takes a Holiday*, and had felt the fascination of that Stranger, now saw him as a totally different type of man in *The Affairs of Cellini*. He was a tempestuous, daring, amusing Latin. Amazing, too...

Then, next, they saw him as dynamic, spirit-lifting, poetic *Robert Browning* in the greatest love story of the movie year, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. Freddie's romantic appeal was inescapable now...

At least, so thought Anna Sten and her producer, Samuel Goldwyn. Her popularity, after just one picture, still was an unknown quantity. To be sure that people would go out of their way to see her second, Fredric March was signed as her co-star. This time he was a Russian aristocrat who gave up his station in life for love of a peasant girl—and made the sacrifice convincing. The picture was a hit, so was Sten, and—so was March. Again.

Then Zanuck, planning one of the greatest pictures of all time, offered the responsibility of the hero's rôle to Fredric March. The picture was to be *Les Misérables*, based on one of the greatest novels ever written. The hero would do no love-making; he would look like a young man only for a brief opening sequence; and he would have to change from a brutish-looking convict into a sensitive, fine-looking man—convincingly. He would do things that handsome movie heroes did not ordinarily do, if they wanted to keep their feminine public.

Freddie grabbed at the chance, and the result is history. Few movie-goers have missed the picture. Few have missed seeing him give one of the most memorable performances of all movie time.

Because Greta Garbo insisted on having Fredric March with her in *Anna Karenina*, the Garbo detractors (there aren't many!) said that she was making sure that people would go to see her this time. But there is another possible angle to consider. This time, she had

a strong story. This time, her critics might say that, because of the story, *she* was a hit. And the gifted Garbo might well have decided that, if the man who played opposite her was not only a highly romantic type, but an acknowledged great actor—and her performance stood up with his—her critics would be stilled for a long, long time to come.

There were rumors during the making of the picture that they had "temperamental differences." Maybe they were true; maybe they weren't. But all was sweetness and light, smiles and compliments when they finished their last scene together.

There have also been rumors that Freddie is returning to the stage. Those are safe rumors about any actor who ever had Broadway fever. He probably will return sometime, for some particular play. But right now his attentions are engaged by *The Dark Angel*, which is expected to bring Merle Oberon to American stardom and in which he will have a modern rôle—for a change.

**W**OMEN know less about his private life than about that of any other top-flight star in Hollywood. They don't seem to have to know what he likes for breakfast, or whether or not he likes carpet slippers, in order to maintain their interest in him as a screen hero.

However, they should be interested in the following points of information:

He is six feet tall and consistently weighs about 170 pounds.

He is not afraid to tell his birthday. The time was August 31, 1898; the place, Racine, Wisconsin. He was christened Frederick McIntyre Bickel.

John Cromwell, then a Broadway producer, urged him to do something about the "Bickel," which, he said, was "not romantic." Freddie left an "e" and an "r" off his mother's name of Marcher and took what remained. And, while he was going in for changes, he also did things to the "Frederick."

He was married, on Decoration Day, 1927, to Florence Eldridge—his leading lady in a Denver stock company. (She played the rôle of *Fantine*, mother of *Colette*, in *Les Misérables*.) Both wear rings inscribed with: "No more beyond thine eyes." It is from one of the lines of Edna St. Vincent Millay: "Now shall I look no more beyond thine eyes."

He won the Academy award with his performance in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and has since been consistently in the running for a second such award.

Serious on the screen, as a usual thing, he is famed in his circle of friends (which includes writers, musicians, and painters, as well as actors) as their most amusing story-teller. His wife avers that he always makes her laugh before breakfast.

Just as he seems to live his rôles, he lives the books he reads—and is an omnivorous reader.

He has made thirty-two pictures.

And life, they say, begins at forty!



# Fay Wray—Pert Pioneer

[Continued from page 36]

store for her. And what, I asked, was in store for her? Where was she going? What would she do next?

"First, I'm going to crowd all of New York that I can into two weeks. Then I'm flying out to Hollywood—to do a picture. Then back to England for another picture there."

I asked her if all this traveling, this international commuting, were a symptom of restlessness—an impatience with Hollywood. "Not at all," she answered. "I just have a liking for variety. Why stay rooted to one spot, when there are so many other spots worth seeing and so many new things worth doing?"

Why, indeed, except that if she signed one of those five-year contracts that Hollywood and now England are dangling before her, she would have a guaranteed fortune and a guaranteed future as a star? This way, she may be taking chances.

SHE didn't look worried. In fact, she was smiling. "Stardom, with its brief period of glory, isn't the important thing to me. Neither is the salary that goes with it—while the stardom lasts. It's the pleasure of acting that matters. As long as I can find interesting rôles, and varied rôles, I'll manage to stay happy."

That is why she is one of the very few major players who refuses to sign exclusively with any one studio. Under contract, she would have to play whatever was assigned to her. As a free agent, she has a choice.

Three or four seasons ago, when talkies still were new to Hollywood, and a Broadway horde was descending on the movie citadel, intent on taking jobs away from the movie-ites, what should Fay do but go off to Broadway to star for several months in a play! She not only showed the Broadwayites that she was in their class, but convinced the movie producers at the same time. They lured her back with some colorful rôles.

Perhaps the thought that some of the producers wondered if she was more decorative than dramatic led her to scream one day. Anyway, she screamed. Thereafter, in picture after picture, she had her chance to be dramatic, to keep audiences on the edges of their seats, waiting for her screams. Then, when she became famous as "the screamie star," she refused to shriek again. She tried—and succeeded in—sophisticated drama. She ventured into sophisticated comedy in *The Affairs of Cellini*. In other words, after audiences had grown to expect her to be a certain type, she dared to change.

Long before the production of *The Scoundrel* proved that exceptional pictures could be made in the East, Fay had the courage to go East to appear in a picture being made there as an experiment. She was one of the first stars to travel by air.

Then, months before a whole group

of Hollywood players decided they would like to play in British films occasionally, Fay journeyed over to appear with the British comic, Jack Hulbert, in *Alias Bulldog Drummond* and with Claude Rains in the psychic drama, *The Clairvoyant*.

All the way along, she has had the courage to lead where others might follow. And to do it without ballyhoo.

I TOLD her that I had heard rumors that England still insisted on calling her "the screamie star." She confirmed them, by saying, "I couldn't escape the name. A whole group of London reporters took the four-hour train ride down to Plymouth to meet my boat, clambered aboard and clustered around me, and from all sides came questions about my screaming. Was I embarrassed!"

American pictures and American stars have a tremendous influence in England, she told me. "In all the little shops, you see Joan Crawford dresses and Norma Shearer gowns and Garbo hats. Everywhere you go, you see girls who are very consciously imitating their film favorites.

"And American slang—the English have adopted that, just as they have adopted American chewing gum. And they manage both the gum and the slang almost as well as we do. They've gone 'way past 'Okay,' for instance. It's all 'Okey-doke' now."

Fay put the British accent on "okey-doke" to illustrate how the expression sounds on an English tongue. But Fay's own accent has not changed since you heard her last.

"IN FACT," she said, "I'm at a loss to know just what kind of accent I do have. English people were constantly registering amazement that I didn't have an American accent. Yet Americans tell me that I don't have a British one, either. What kind do you suppose it is?"

This has the makings of a tip to the elocution-conscious. To have a sure audience on both sides of the Atlantic, you could do worse than to talk like Fay Wray.

I had seen a portrait of her taken in England in which she had an entirely new coiffure—featuring a center part, a "swirly" center bang, a fluffy suggestion of a coronet, and a "long bob" touch in back. I asked her who or what inspired it.

"I guess I'll have to take the 'blame,'" she said. "I have a habit of trying new hair effects constantly—because every time I change my hairdress and look like a different person, I *feel* like a new person. I comb it this way; I brush it that way; I have it waved another way—just to see what will happen."

And judging from the glamor that has happened, Fay Wray is a pert pioneer even in the field of hairdress!

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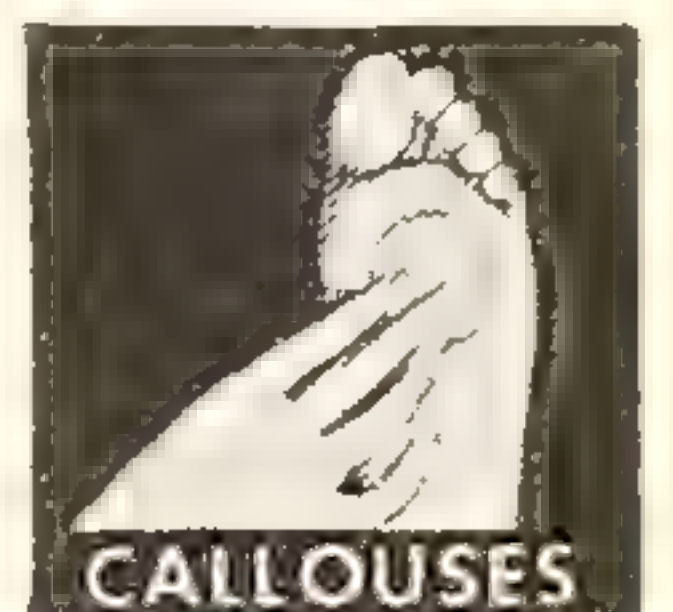
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## "I Thought He Wasn't My Type!"

[Continued from page 37]

at a stop signal and noticed that Frances Dee was driving the car that had pulled up beside his own. Now Hollywood is only a small town. It is quite customary for picture people to bow to each other when they meet, even though they may never have been introduced formally. So Joel, being a friendly soul, bowed to Frances and smiled. To his astonishment, instead of acknowledging his greeting, she gave him one brief, frigid look and then—with up-tilted chin—quickly turned her head.

"I wonder who she thinks she is?" thought Joel—who decided that one cool turn deserved another.

AND so, for three years, Frances and Joel avoided meeting each other. One day, however, a casual incident brought them together.

"I was down at the beach making some publicity pictures," says Frances in telling about it. "Joel happened to be down there taking a swim. The cameraman spied him and thought it would be a bright idea to shoot some pictures of the two of us. 'I've never even met Mr. McCrea,' I told him. 'Well, that can soon be remedied,' he said. And so, at last, we were introduced. He was more pleasant than I had expected him to be. But he certainly didn't raise my blood pressure in the least.

"A few days later, I was surprised to have him call me up, asking for a date. I told him I was busy—which was true. About a week later he called me again. I was still busy. The date I had wasn't particularly important. I could have broken it if I had been interested in going out with Joel, but I still had the idea he wasn't my type.

"I didn't see him again until I came to the RKO Studios to work in *The Silver Cord*, in which we played opposite each other. He asked me out to dinner then, but I was working too hard to go out in the evening. However, I talked to him several times over the 'phone. One evening he told me about a book he thought I would like. A few days later he dropped in, bringing the book with him.

"It was just at dusk. There was a fire crackling in the fireplace. We sat and talked. And suddenly, sitting there in the fire-lit room, I began to like Joel, to like him a great deal. He wasn't at all as I had pictured him. He was neither spoiled nor conceited. Instead, there was a sincerity and a simplicity about him that were most appealing. I found myself hoping that he would ask me for another date—and being afraid that he wouldn't. Finally, he rose to go. My hopes fell. And then, as though it had just occurred to him, he said: 'How would you like to go to the Grove tomorrow night?' After the many times I had

turned him down, the eagerness with which I accepted this invitation must have surprised him.

"THE next day I was aware of an odd little thrill, as though something very important were about to happen. I tried to tell myself that I was acting like a schoolgirl with her first big date. But, no matter how I viewed it, the thrill was undeniably there."

Frances had been to the Cocoanut Grove many times. So had Joel. But never had it seemed such a magical place as it did on the occasion of their first date together.

Do you remember that old poem about two being born a whole wide world apart? . . . "And one day out of darkness they shall meet . . . and read life's meaning in each other's eyes." It was that way with Frances and Joel, who had tried to avoid meeting.

"Like every other girl, I suppose, I had some pretty definite ideas about the type of man I would marry," says Frances. "For one thing, I insisted that he wouldn't be an actor. Not that I had anything against actors. I merely had the idea that it would be too difficult for two people engaged in the same profession to get on well together. I thought that a novelist or a playwright would be more nearly my type.

"But, in a few short hours, I forgot all my pre-conceived ideas. Or, rather, I made them over. For I knew that very night that I was in love with Joel. I guess we both knew."

That was in June of 1933. They were married in October.

IF EVER I have seen radiant happiness, I have seen it written in the face of Frances Dee—the girl who shares feminine honors with Miriam Hopkins in the all-color *Becky Sharp*. But the great cause of her radiance is the fact that she shares life with Joel McCrea—who, by the way, will play opposite Miriam Hopkins in *Barbary Coast*.

"And to think that I might have missed all of this," Frances says, "if I had kept on refusing to go out with Joel, just because I thought he wasn't my type. Now, of course, I wonder how I could ever have been so blind."

"Do you think that any girl ever really knows, until she meets him, just what her type of man is?" I asked.

"I doubt if she does. It's instinctive, of course, for a girl—particularly if she is imaginative and romantic—to visualize the sort of man she feels would be an ideal mate for her. But no girl, if she's wise, will insist that he must be this type or that type. While looking for her particular paragon, the man that she imagines would be the fulfillment of her romantic dream, she may fail to recognize love when it comes to her."



# Not the Best-Dressed—But the Most Important

[Continued from page 39]

that Marlene Dietrich first burst on the world as a fashion impetus. Mr. Banton dressed her in that picture, if you will remember, almost entirely in coq feathers. There were coq feather boas around her neck. ("Horribly out of style, and in atrocious taste," we would have said, if they had been worn by anyone less provocative than Dietrich.) There were coq feathers in her hair, on her gloves, and on her sleeves. Feathers, feathers, everywhere!

It happens that, prior to the general release of that picture in France, one of the greatest fashion leaders in Paris gave a party. At that party, as part of the entertainment, she gave a private advance showing of *Shanghai Express*. Before twenty-four hours had passed, each and every one of those women had been in touch with her dressmaker, and had ordered coats, hats, dresses, evening capes, all simply smothered in coq feathers.

To this day, they remember that feather-avalanche in Paris. When Mr. Banton was there recently, the famous couturier, Lucien Lelong, mentioned it, and said, "So it's you we really have to thank for feathers!"

THEN there was *The Song of Songs*, in which, first of all, Marlene presented the coronet braid. It was widely copied, and was really responsible for those off-the-face hats that we began wearing at the same time—for, as Mr. Banton told me, "She had to wear that little saucer-shaped hat 'way back on her head to make room for the braid!"

Later in that same picture, when Marlene was the *Baroness*, she wore a voluminous black velvet cape with a hood, which became the forerunner of our modern hooded evening capes.

And who dares to doubt that the Russian influence in clothes, which had such a vogue last year, did not definitely emanate from Marlene Dietrich's picture, *The Scarlet Empress*? Remember the Cossack hat and the Russian tunics that she wore, and the muffs that she carried? Well, how many of you had a little fur-trimmed Cossack hat last season? How many of you denied yourself a new dress in order to carry a muff? And if you *didn't* have any of these things, how many of you cast envious eyes on others who did? You know the answer!

It takes an extraordinary woman to sidestep the accepted, conventional things, and dare to be different. Marlene not only dares to be different, but when she dares she changes the styles of the world! You and I don't rush out and buy coq feathers the minute we see Dietrich wearing them. The process of our enslavement is not such a direct one as that. We would feel foolish, appearing in our own little circles swathed in feathers. But the so-called fashion leaders of the world, with jaded clothes appetites, find inspiration in the

sophisticated Marlene, and act on this inspiration at once. Gradually, the fashion filters through New York, Paris and London, in modified form, to us. And by that time there are enough people wearing feathers so that we don't feel too conspicuous in them.

Dietrich never dreads being conspicuous. Yet I feel certain that she does not dress as she does to create a sensation. If she creates a sensation when she appears, that is simply because she can't help it. There is that *something* about her that draws all eyes.

MR. BANTON explains it this way: "The reason why Marlene's costumes are always compelling is that she always acts, walks, and *looks* in tune with the mood of her costumes. When she wears an exotic costume, even an eccentric one, she is the exotic or eccentric person who goes with it. When she wears a girlish, flowing chiffon gown, she adjusts every detail of her personality to that particular creation. Yet, even in simplicity, she is never banal . . . and I do everything I can to keep her most simple gown from being that way, too.

"Not long ago, for example, I designed a simple-white chiffon for her to wear during her vacation in New York. But with that gown I had her wear a tremendous shoulder corsage of red carnations . . . and her gloves were of skin-tight black lace . . . so skin-tight that the pattern of the lace seemed tattooed on her arms.

"Even in simplicity we strive for the dramatic element, for Dietrich is a dramatic woman. And with it all, she has great chic . . . an innate intelligence about colors and fabrics and lines. When I show her a drawing of something I have in mind for her, she doesn't stop to think of its effect on other people. Quite the contrary . . . I have heard her say, often, while musing over the drawing, 'Yes, I could feel like that. Yes, let's do it.' Marlene wears a thing only because it is what she *feels* like wearing. That's why her clothes are always such a success.

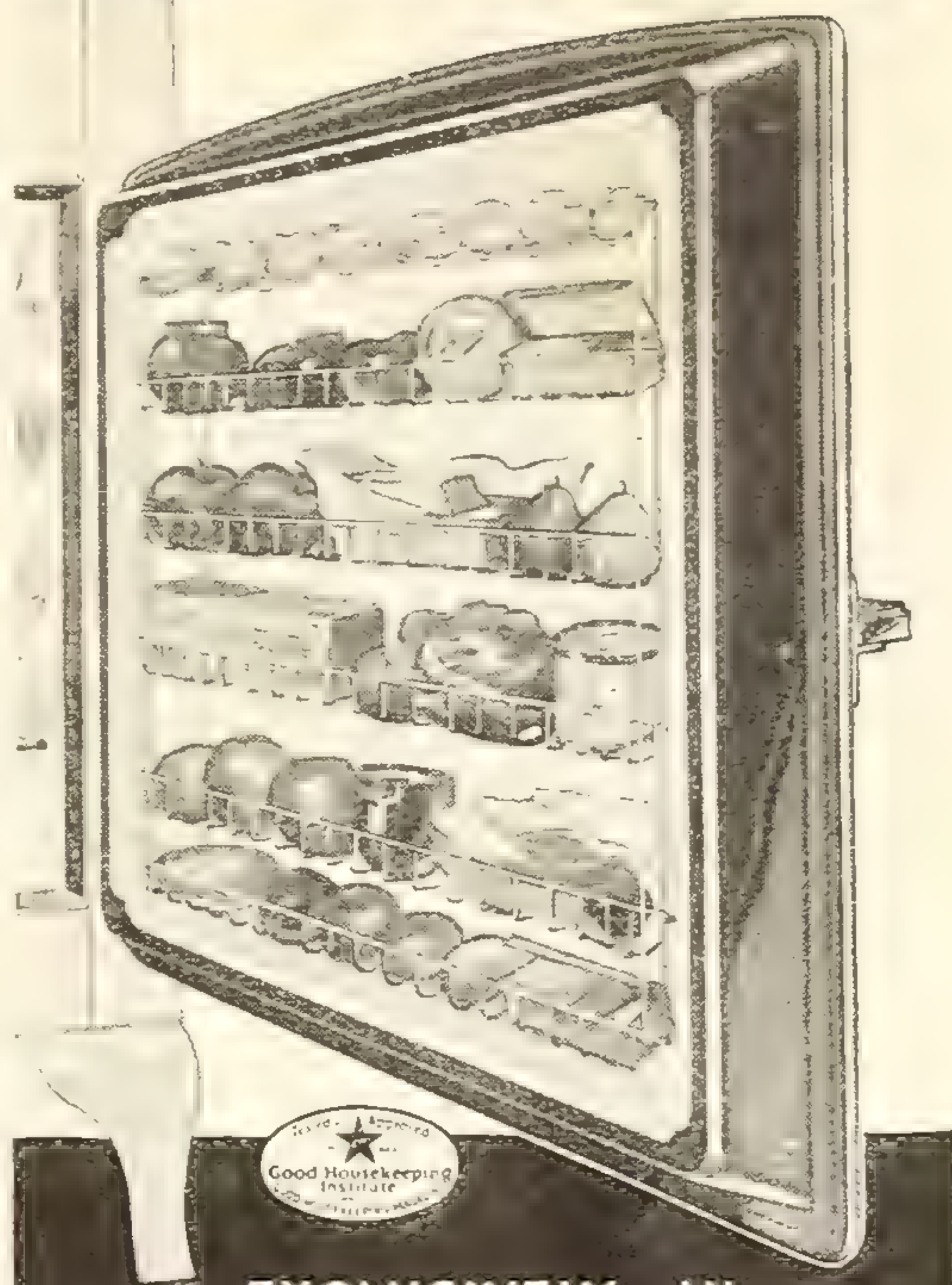
"Again the other day she came in to tell me that she had been invited to a formal dinner party for Thursday night. 'I know,' I said, 'you have nothing to wear.'

"That's right,' said Marlene, 'and you know what I want this time? Something to wear with my new emeralds!'

"So, between now and Thursday I have to think up something that will provide a suitable background for emeralds. I don't know yet what that will be!"

But this much we know, Mr. Banton: few women may be able to afford emeralds, yet nothing will prevent the others from acquiring something similar to Marlene's Thursday gown. For it has been proved, time and again, that women the world over are Dietrich-clothes-conscious—and many thanks to you!

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## Summer-ize Your Surroundings!

[Continued from page 55]

from Hawaii, where life is simple and life is sweet. What!—you've never heard of a "hick-y-a"? Well, neither had we until we saw what looked like a grown-up quintuplets' bed. It is an enormous couch, so soft it might be made of lotus petals. These Hawaiians certainly have the right idea about comfort!

OF COURSE, the attractiveness of a holiday house depends chiefly on its color scheme.

Picture the color effect of clear rose-leaf green with touches of yellow and orange for the living room; egg-shell-white and green for the kitchen; one bedroom in blue and yellow—the other in a very soft apricot and bud-green with just an accent of salmon and black, probably in the rag rug!

If you want a wholly delightful dining room at rock-bottom price, paint your furniture a jade green and try it against walls of soft, warm gray. Then cover a screen with silver tea-box paper, and line it on the back with black and jade and see how stunning your room is!

WOMEN have no monopoly on ideas for neat, individual touches in a home. Consider Douglass Mont-

gomery, for example—one of the screen's most eligible bachelors, who has unique bachelor quarters. Although he lives in them the year around, they are in a woody section and small enough to come under the "cottage" category.

And this is what young Mr. Montgomery has done about his dining room: In winter, it is in Castilian red. The color motif is emphasized by a corner screen that is bright red plush on one side, ornamented with gold trimming that Doug took off an old mirror. When the hot days come, the screen is swung around to its bright blue wooden side, and matching blue drapes replace the red ones at the windows. A masculine decorative idea, perhaps—but a clever one that any woman can add to her own home in her own favorite colors!

Doug, himself, has not forgotten the ladies—or the fact that most of his friends are married and bring their wives to his parties. In his "ladies' powder room," there are a couple of old oil burners he picked up for ten cents apiece, had wired, and placed most effectively on an antique washstand. In front of the stand is the most extraordinary stool in history. It is a wine keg painted apple-green and upholstered in black satin!

In another room a former beer keg serves as a bookstand. Doug had it cut out and made into a revolving table and also a "night table," if you please, beside a wooden peasant's bed on rockers.

If you have a would-be carpenter around the house, he can make any number of novel things like these for the holiday house.

THE woman lucky enough to have a handy male in her vicinity might also take a tip or two from Norman Foster's beach "shack." Norman has a large mirror in his living room made from the steering wheel of an old ship. And his "ship room" is a treat . . . ship's lights, cabin bunks, portholes for windows, a chart of the Pacific. A snug harbor for any addict of the sea—male or female.

The Warner Baxters (she was Winifred Bryson) were one of the first Hollywood couples to get a beach home. And Mrs. Baxter has insured his being as happy there as a man can be—what with a rustic effect of beamed ceilings, paneled walls, open fireplace, Indian rugs on the floor, chintz drapes, and a living room that embraces the colors of the red-yellow Lantana. But there is nothing "rustic" about the chairs! They are as comfortable as the ones you will find in their new Bel Air home.

Comfort and cheer and coziness—they are the keys to holiday house!

## HOW TO DIVE Gracefully

A famous Chicago swimming coach tells how to acquire grace and poise in doing nine simple dives.

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## You'll Be Fond of Fonda!

[Continued from page 40]

ing alongside of Janet Gaynor, who is just five feet tall, he towers above her. His height, inquiry reveals, is six feet, two inches. He weighs in at 170 pounds. And a partial explanation for those broad, he-man shoulders is that he has had those shoulders to the wheel ever since his school days.

His age, which hardly matters, is somewhere in the middle twenties. His tousled hair is dark brown. There is something about his face that is reminiscent of pictures of the young Lincoln—character, rugged firmness, a wide, strong, but sensitive mouth. His eyes—carrying out the Lincoln parallel—are as gentle as those of a woman.

His voice is deep, thoroughly masculine; and his frequent smiles are shy, easily likable. He seems to apologize for an evident sense of humor. An unusual mixture of virility and gentleness, he is going to be liked by men and be practically irresistible to women. There has not been anyone exactly like him before. He is an original—and a natural.

**H**IS family background, I discovered, is a somewhat complicated racial enigma. The name Fonda is of Italian origin, yet some of his ancestors were among the early Dutch settlers who lived in New Amsterdam when one-legged Peter Stuyvesant was mayor. They later moved to what was to become upper New York State, founding the town of Fonda.

Some of the family, retaining the pioneer urge, eventually trekked on farther West, which explains why Henry, himself, was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, not far from Omaha. While he was still teething, his parents decided to move to Omaha, where he went through grade school with flying colors and then graduated with honors from Omaha Central High. During vacations and after school, he worked.

He spent two years at the University of Minnesota, working at night, which seriously curtailed his social life, but otherwise (he feels) did him no harm.

Then the theatre bug bit him. His initiation into stage work was the juvenile rôle in Philip Barry's *You and I*, at the Omaha Community Playhouse.

His first professional appearance was with George Billings in a vaudeville sketch based on the life of Lincoln. Henry—the boy who was later to be likened a bit to Lincoln—wrote the playlet and played the part of *John Hay*, Lincoln's secretary. They took their sketch through the Middle West in a succession of one-and-two-night stands.

Later Henry joined a group of jitney players—a band of theatrically inclined ex-collegians, who went from town to town by bus, putting on repertory in the Chautauqua manner. Eventually, like all ambitious actors, he was drawn to Broadway, where he played a few minor rôles, later doing some more repertory. Just one year ago this sum-

mer, in fact, he was playing with the Mount Kisco, New York, Group Players when the turning point in his life came. He was "discovered."

**JUNE WALKER**, well-known stage actress, did the discovering. Her husband, Geoffrey Kerr, was guest-starring in a production of *The Swan*, in which Henry was playing the rôle of the young tutor. She introduced him to playwright Marc Connelly, who wrote *The Green Pastures* and who had just written, with Frank B. Elser, a play called *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, based on Walter D. Edmonds' colorful novel of the early days of the Erie Canal, *Rome Haul*. Connelly sensed Fonda's possibilities and, in turn, introduced him to Max Gordon, who was to produce the play, featuring June Walker as the "wife." Gordon immediately engaged him as the "farmer."

The morning after the opening, Fonda awoke to find himself Broadway-famous—at last. And when Winfield Sheehan, head of Fox Films, bought the screen rights of the play, he induced Fonda to entrain for Hollywood and continue in the rôle.

If he has homage to pay the actress who was the "wife" in the stage version, he also has homage to pay the actress who is the "wife" in the picture. He admires Janet Gaynor, both as a woman and as an artist, and is grateful for receiving the advantage of her screen experience and her willingness to help him, a beginner in films. (I learned later that she was one of the first to predict a brilliant film future for him. Her prediction is seconded by director Victor Fleming, who is not noted for his praise of his players, but who says of Fonda, "He is one of the most brilliant-minded actors I have ever had the pleasure to direct.")

He has not permitted Hollywood and the touch of Lady Luck to change his habits of economy. He lives in a modest apartment, alone, and drives a low-priced car. He is one lad that success will never spoil. And if he has any romantic interests, he is keeping them to himself. He does not deny liking the feminine of the species—but he likes them at a distance and *en masse*, not too close and individually.

Maybe so, but the release of his first film will set many a feminine heart throbbing. ("Throbbing," I believe, is the word.) Clean-cut, gentle, but firm, he is not a copy-plate of anyone. He is just Henry Fonda, and Henry Fonda he is likely to remain.

A youthful romance found him married to Margaret Sullavan—for a year. That was before either of them was famous. Henry has been single since; Margaret is now married to director William Wyler. They remain friends. In fact, now that they both are well-known and their abilities admitted, they are being talked of for the leading roles in a new picture.

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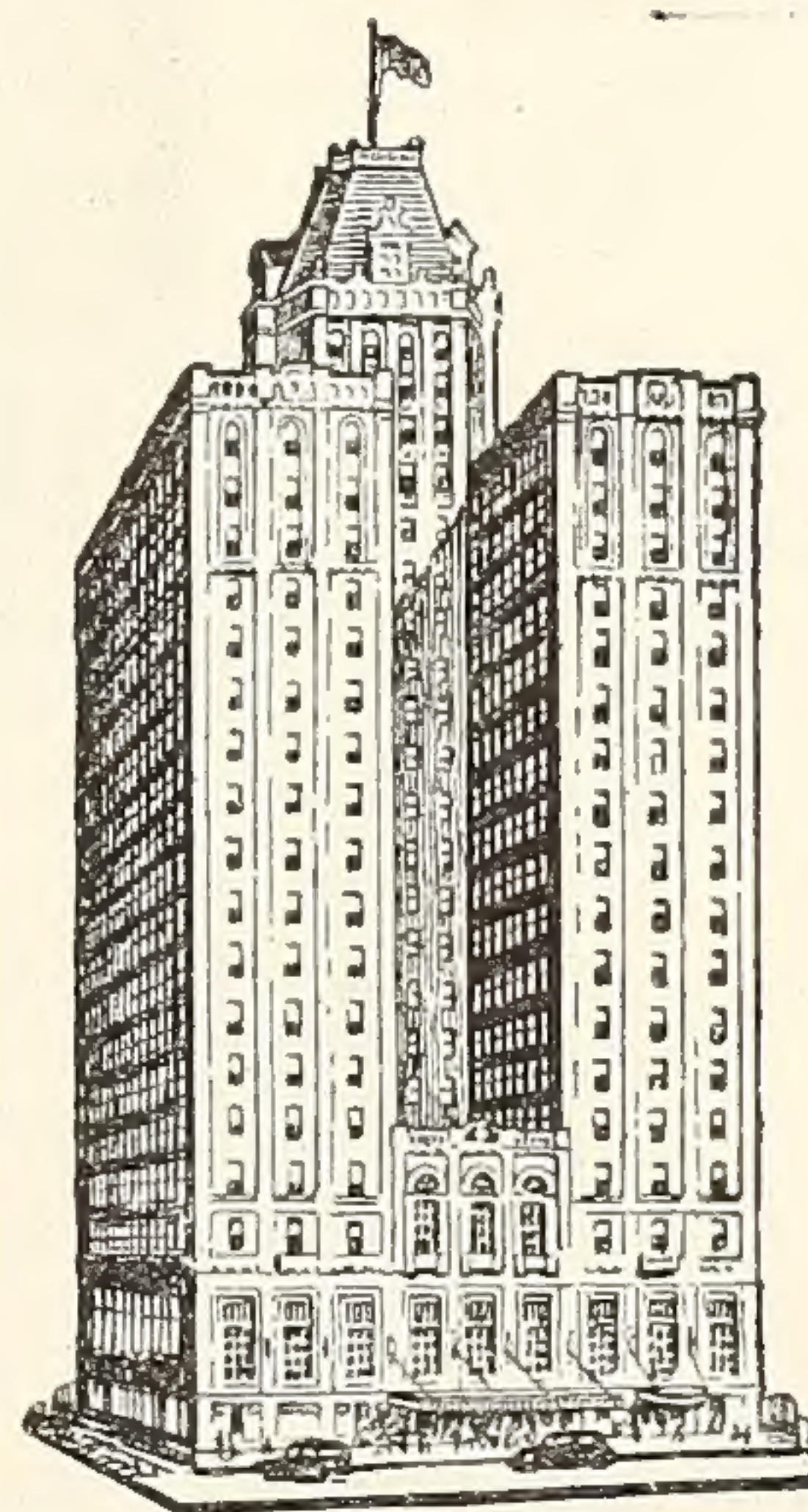
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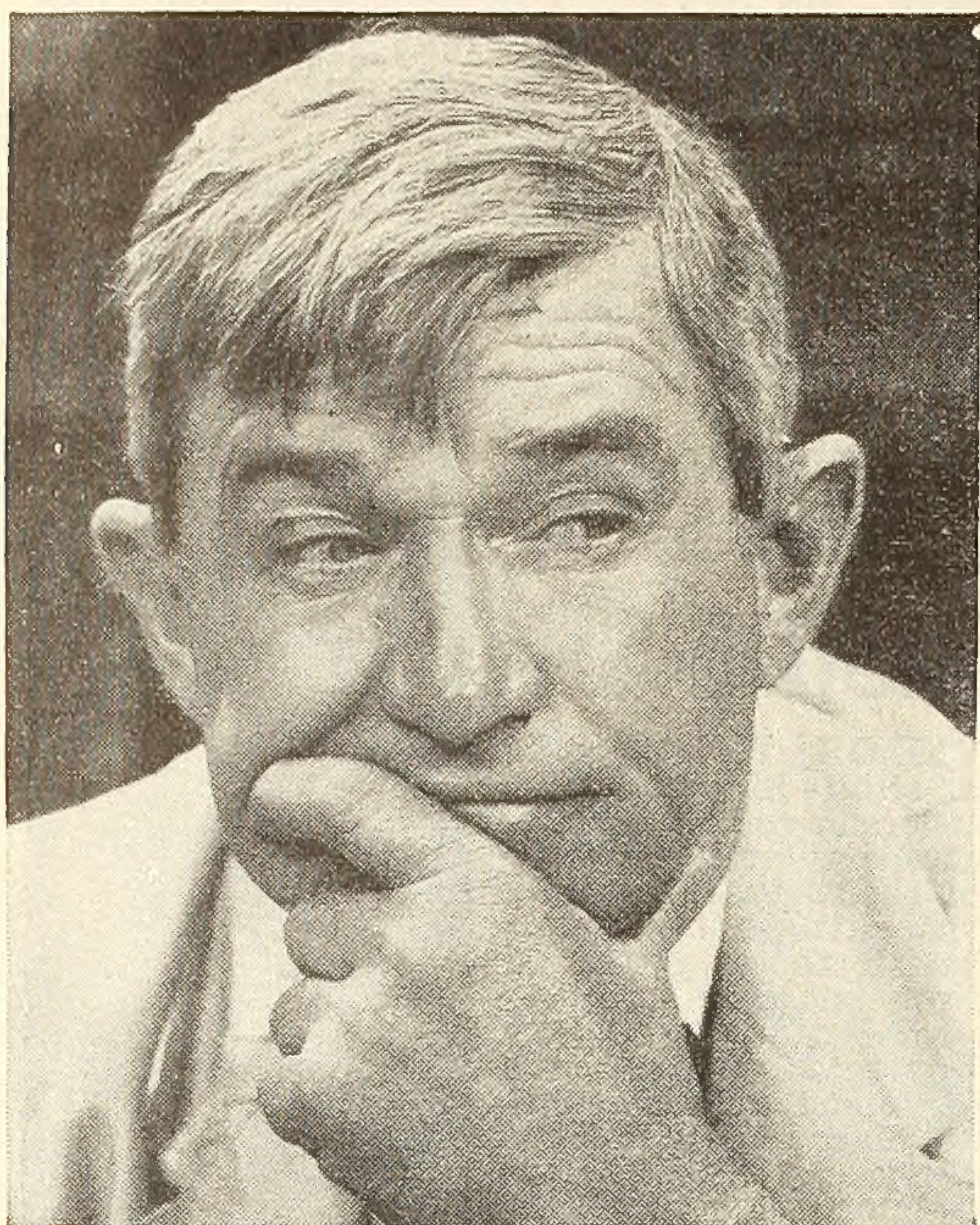
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Is Will Rogers wondering, like one reader, why more don't write about him? Maybe they're too busy seeing Will Rogers pictures!

### \$15 Prize Letter

**So Say Thousands**—From now on, their names will be said in one breath: Eddy-MacDonald. The Academy of Good Judgment should pin a medal upon the person who first thought of co-starring these two stars with the glorious voices. The beauty of *Naughty Marietta*, it seems to me, aside from the immortal Herbert melodies, was the superb double-harness work of Jeanette and Nelson. You couldn't honestly say, "Yes, she's good, but he's better," or vice versa. Both are vibrant, good to look upon, natural, poised and, most important, easily understood. There could not sensibly be a personal rivalry between them, for their achievement is equal—the difference being only in gender.—*T. Hubbard, 2119 Central Grove Ave., Toledo, Ohio.*

*This month, as last, three out of five of the Letters to the Editor were about Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald and Naughty Marietta. Anyone surprised?*

### \$10 Prize Letter

**In Praise of March**—It is a purely personal preference, of course, but I unhesitatingly nominate Fredric March as the screen's greatest actor. Not because I think it "arty" to do so, but simply because I think that no other screen actor ever equalled in sheer artistry his performance in *Sign of the Cross* or in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. Also, I shall not soon forget his great performance in *Les Misérables*.

The only impartial way to gauge the greatness of any screen actor is to measure, carefully, the number of different types he can play soundly, believably and intelligently. To the best of my knowledge, Fredric March is the one man who can and does play a wide diversity of rôles with an artistry that smacks of genius.—*Beatrice Graveline, Box 138, Moosup, Conn.*

*A personal preference, perhaps, but*

# Just As You Say . . .

MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers have the final word—and win prizes with their letters

*one shared by millions—as illustrated by the article, "Hollywood Hero No 1," in this issue.*

### \$5 Prize Letter

**An Orchid to Will**—We don't see much about Will Rogers on the Letter Page. Perhaps this is because he is looked upon as a sort of institution and, therefore, as outside the realm of flattery or praise. This beloved star of the screen, stage, and radio should not be so taken for granted, for he is absolutely unique. Everybody loves him—rich and poor, high and low, educated and illiterate. Will Rogers is as intimate and dear to them in their mind's eye as a friend. He has brought more happiness and joy to the world than a half-dozen of our heavy-lidded screen sirens. Don't you movie-goers agree with me?—*Ruth Whitman Bowers, 304 Third St. Northeast, Childress, Texas.*

*That crack about "heavy-lidded screen sirens" may get under some skins, but it does not obscure the fact that theatre attendance proves that Will Rogers still is Favorite No. 1. He is about to do a sequel to Judge Priest.*

### \$1 Prize Letters

**All for Claudette**—Why all this controversy about who should have won the Academy Award? As far as I can see, there is no other actress who deserved the award as much as Claudette Colbert. She is sweet and natural. She knows how to act and lives the parts she plays. There is no other Claudette Colbert. There are no imitations because there cannot be. Claudette Colbert is inimitable. And as the prize-winner that she is, whether she fills the capacity of your ideal or not, give her the hand she justly deserves.—*Joseph Greenberger, 1598 Chestnut Ave., Trenton, N. J.*

*Thus writes one reader on the question: "Who Really Won the Academy Award?" which still is raging. Another reader takes another viewpoint:*

**In Behalf of Bette**—I was rather peeved at the Academy Award judges, who overlooked the unquestionably fine portrayal of *Mildred* by Bette Davis, in *Of Human Bondage*. Surely, she deserved some award, if not for her distinguished portrayal, at least for unexpectedly breaking away from a series of mediocre rôles and showing the producers of Hollywood that she could really act.—*Schuyler C. Hill, P. O. Box 756, Centralia, Wash.*

*Take your choice! Meanwhile, we*

*hope you have read the interviews with both stars in this issue—"Success Is My Revenge," Says Bette Davis," and "Claudette Colbert's New Code of Living."*

**Shirley as Peter Pan?**—Fox Studios could reach new peaks for achievement for themselves and for the motion picture industry if they would cast a certain impish little sprite named Shirley Temple in the title rôle of *Peter Pan*—in Technicolor!

Little Miss Temple is not too young for the rôle. It has always seemed ridiculous to me that the part of *Peter*—a perpetual little boy, with baby teeth—has always been played on stage and screen by grown women. In these days of talking pictures, the infantile grown-up selected would undoubtedly possess a mature soprano, contralto, or at best an affected *Betty Boop* voice.—*M. Barofski, 188 Baden St., Rochester, N. Y.*

*Think this idea over, Temple admirers, and tell us your reaction!*

**No "Serene Piffle"**—To film or not to film the whirlpools of the human mind was decisively answered in the affirmative by the result of *Private Worlds*. All this tearing of the veil from mental processes might have been distressing or boring. But Claudette Colbert has made it wholesome, and thoroughly debunking; illuminating, radiant, she makes the picture as enjoyable, as, and far more profitable than, a tale of serene piffle. Only, having been done so splendidly by Colbert and Boyer, I hope that this theme will not be rehashed *ad nauseam*. The flower has bloomed. Do not imitate it in wax and wire.—*Mrs. S. E. Willard, 1440 N.E. 74th Ave., Portland, Ore.*

MOVIE CLASSIC wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions, and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC will offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) \$15; (2) \$10; (3) \$5; all others published, \$1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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it keeps teeth so white and lustrous"**



*You're looking at* Miss Josephine Kidd of Birmingham, Ala., who came to New York on a flying visit but stayed to pursue a successful career as a photographer's and artist's model. Her fine, white teeth—perfect, if you please—won her first job for her.

"Our family has used Listerine Tooth Paste for years," says Miss Kidd. "I think it is the most effective and safest dentifrice I ever used. I give it most of the credit for the healthy condition of my teeth and gums. And it's *so* economical!"

If you've not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so

now. You will be delighted to find out how quickly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth without harming precious enamel. You'll like the sparkle and lustre its modern polishing agents impart to tooth surfaces. And you will welcome that marvelous feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine TOOTH POWDER . . . . . 2½ oz. 25¢

REGULAR LARGE SIZE **25¢** DOUBLE SIZE **40¢**



# BEECH-NUT GUM

a single stick  
will convince  
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*"Always  
Refreshing"*



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